

# THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CXXLIII. }

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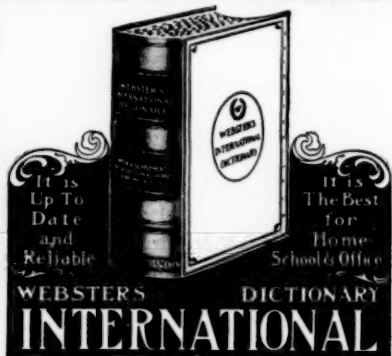
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## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.\*

The political condition of the country can never be one of stable equilibrium after the House of Commons has ceased to be representative of the nation. That this is so at the present time is admitted on all sides. Scarcely a speech is made by Ministers or their most ardent supporters which does not point to the early advent of a new Parliament, in which they will find themselves in a minority.

Mr. Chamberlain makes no concealment of his wishes. His forecast of the future is simple. *Of course*, a new House of Commons will demand a new Government! What a miserable Government we shall have! The sooner it comes the better, for the sooner it will be "hissed off the stage"! Then the happy time will have arrived for another Dissolution, as a result of which a Government pledged to carry out Fiscal Reform on the lines indicated by Mr. Chamberlain himself will enter into possession. This is the

exhilarating prospect which Tariff Reformers quite seriously offer to the country. Yet, after all, what the country wants is to be well governed on sound principles by men whom it can trust; by statesmen who know their own minds on the great questions that agitate the people, and who will lead it both wisely and firmly. There is much reason to doubt whether the country is anxious to embark at all on the fiscal revolution which Mr. Chamberlain promises it. It is quite certain that it does not desire Protection with such enthusiasm as to render it willing to tolerate years of disastrous misgovernment in order to make trial at last of Mr. Chamberlain's Utopia. No human being can tell what will be the chief business of the Parliament after next. With the election of the next Parliament the country will soon be busy. Then will be the time to invite its verdict upon the great political issue which for the last year

\* 1 "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates for 1904."

2 "Speech of the Earl of Rosebery, K. G., at Lincoln," September 20, 1904. "Times."

3 "Speech of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, M. P., in Edinburgh," October 3, 1904. "Times."

4 "Speech of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., at Luton," October 5, 1904. "Times."

and a half has mainly occupied the public mind.

It is not surprising that, apart from mere party considerations, the reasons for calling together a new Parliament should weigh strongly with men who are attached to the spirit of our Constitution. It need not be said that a Party in office is always as a body opposed to Dissolution; and that a Party in opposition, after it has won half a dozen by-elections, is always in favor of it. But notwithstanding Party whips, Party newspapers, and Party caucuses, the country does not yet accept universally, or even generally, the habit of thought natural to professional "Ins" and "Outs." By the law, a Parliament may last for seven years. If the Prime Minister and the majority of the House of Commons desire it, there are no means known to the Constitution by which the rule of that Minister and majority can be terminated. He and they may be powerless to govern efficiently, or to bring forward and pass legislation which the country approves; but so long as they are willing to pass votes of confidence in themselves, they cannot be ejected from power. Why then is it so rare for Parliaments to last beyond five years? Because a Prime Minister is necessarily a statesman as well as a Party leader; because he pays as much respect to the spirit of the Constitution as to the written word of the Law. Because he knows that his country is in the truest sense a self-governing country, and that it is not self-government to be ruled by a Dictator and a Rump. He turns his eyes beyond the benches of the House of Commons, and watches the signs of the times. The course of by-elections is one important element in the judgment which he must form. But it is only one. Have questions of far-reaching consequence, which demand an answer, come before the people

since the preceding Dissolution? Are the Ministers and men in whom the country voted confidence at the previous General Election the Ministers and the men who still hold power? All these questions and many more must present themselves to the mind of any Prime Minister; for every British Prime Minister we repeat must be of necessity a constitutional statesman.

Mr. Balfour, we cannot doubt, will, before many months are over, obtain the consent of the King to the dissolution of Parliament, though the House of Commons has only just completed its fourth year. How many events of the greatest importance bearing upon the political situation have happened since November 1900! The present Parliament was summoned by Queen Victoria, and first met in her reign. Till the accession of his present Majesty, the demise of the Crown itself necessitated a fresh appeal to the People. The then Prime Minister as well as the then Sovereign have passed away. The Ministry to which the electorate gave their confidence in 1900 included Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Ritchie, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Lord George Hamilton. It is hardly too much to say that, with the exception of Mr. Balfour himself, there is not to-day a Minister remaining who was supposed at the last General Election to bring any support in the nature of political reputation to Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. With the statesmen who have gone it is unnecessary to contrast their successors. Mr. Balfour has done the best he could with the only material available to his hands. But unfortunately in neither House does the Ministerial Front Bench come up to the standard, or nearly up to the standard, to which Parliament has been accustomed for many years past.

Nevertheless, it may well be doubted whether amongst private members there is less ability in either House than heretofore.

Mr. Balfour is himself in a conspicuous degree gifted with the qualities that enable a statesman to lead and to retain a majority of the House of Commons. He learned to know the House in old days, in the years when he breathed the free air of opposition below the gangway. In Mr. Gladstone's day young Ministers "learned the House of Commons," if the expression may be used, on the Front Bench itself. They, like their leader, were almost always present. To-day it is apparently thought enough that a Minister should be in his place only when his own department is concerned, and that he should voice that department efficiently. That he should visibly interest himself about other matters that occupy the House of Commons and the country is no longer the fashion; and the state of the Treasury Bench last session during many discussions of real public interest seemed to show an astounding indifference—an indifference which is quite new on the part of our rising statesmen to Parliamentary debate. It was not in this way that either Gladstone or Disraeli, or, for that matter, anyone else ever rose to be "a great member of Parliament."

It is, moreover, impossible to deny that last General Election took place under circumstances and conditions altogether abnormal. Very few seats were contested; and where contests took place it was always easy for candidates on the Government side to associate political opposition to the Ministry with the want of patriotic feeling. It was supposed to be "anti-national" to condemn the policy which preceded the Boer War. In time of war the party interests of a Government generally thrive. After the Cri-

mean War Mr. Bright lost his seat for Manchester. Criticism of Lord Palmerston's China War swept some of the most distinguished Peelites out of Parliamentary existence. And so it will always be; though often enough on the merits of the case history will reverse the verdict of contemporaries. Of course, to suggest that the present Parliament has not plenary powers because it was elected during the excitement of a great war is absurd. A Parliament is always, according to the Constitution, absolute monarch. There is no such thing possible as a Parliament of the United Kingdom with limited authority. Mr. Balfour's position is unassailable when he urges the full competency of Parliament, whatever may have been said or done in the year 1900, to legislate in 1904 according to its will and pleasure. But there are moral obligations to which even absolute monarchs would do well to bow. We do not question the authority of Parliament to do as it likes; but we do question the wisdom of prolonging the existence of a House of Commons, however strong may be the dislike of the majority to a Dissolution, when circumstances exist which in the eyes of impartial men shew that it is no longer the true representative of the People.

We cannot doubt that, these considerations being present to the mind of Mr. Balfour, he will not himself desire to prolong the life of the present Parliament. The events of last session tell heavily in the same scale. It was because it was felt that the country did not support the House of Commons, that the minority was able to dispute with such vehemence the will of the majority. That a majority must prevail is an axiom of Parliamentary government. That in order to prevail the majority was driven to have recourse to something very like violence is deeply to be regretted. We

have no desire to apportion the blame between the two sides. The Speaker, as usual, exercised his authority with much tact and firmness, and shewed, as he has never failed to shew, that he was actuated only by a sense of what was due to the dignity and usefulness of the great assembly over which he presides. But, however much Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the Speaker may desire that Parliamentary institutions should work smoothly, we fear that their efforts will be vain if it should be determined to prolong indefinitely what has become a thoroughly false position. Once more, we repeat, it will be more than unwise to defer much longer the appeal to the People.

"After the present Government the Deluge" is a pessimistic view that we confess we do not share. It is apparently with regard to Foreign Policy that most anxiety is felt. The men who in the past have exercised most authority in the Liberal Party on that subject are Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey. The former has shewn, on more than one occasion, his determination to uphold his country's interest against all the seductions of personal ambition and the force of Party pressure, whilst the latter, in a short career at the Foreign Office, won distinction as an Under-Secretary in that department which has certainly not been surpassed since the days of Sir Charles Dilke. Lord Lansdowne has earned the gratitude of his country as Foreign Minister; but we see no reason for supposing that a Liberal Secretary of State will be unable to follow in his footsteps, or will labor less successfully than his predecessor in the cause of national security and peace.

It is assumed on all sides that the doom of the Government is at hand. The prospect, however, appears to have little terrors for the electorate, which, throughout a period of the most

vehement electioneering and "demonstrating," persists in keeping its head. It will be neither frightened, nor coerced, nor manipulated into fiscal or any other revolution until it sees clearly what lies before it. When told that British commerce and industry are on the verge of ruin, it asks for proof. When urged that the only choice lies between Protection and Home Rule, it asks "Why?" When Party caucuses and committees all over the country pronounce in favor of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, it mutters to itself that Great Britain is not Birmingham. When the Prime Minister speaks and writes of his strong sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's programme, and many of his colleagues contemporaneously declare on his behalf that the Government is *not* in favor of the essential items of that programme, the country wonders, as well it may, and awaits further explanations.

The truth is that English common sense has made up its mind upon two points. It will not have Home Rule, and it will not have Protection. Whenever a Dissolution comes, whatever Party aspires to govern must reconcile itself as best it can with the public feeling on these two subjects. Speculation as to what will happen in the Parliament after next is not practical politics. A Dissolution is imminent, and the answer of the People on great questions fundamentally affecting its welfare cannot be postponed to an indefinite future.

Lord Rosebery's diagnosis at Lincoln of the condition of political parties was neither complete nor accurate. There are, he says, after setting aside the Irish, for practical purposes three parties in this country at the present moment—"Mr. Chamberlain's party, Mr. Balfour's party, and the Liberal party." It is satisfactory to all Unionists, whether Liberal or Conservative, to find that in England a Home Rule

party is no longer considered a political factor by Mr. Gladstone's successor in the Liberal leadership. Can Lord Rosebery speak with authority on that subject for the great bulk of his party? We hope he can. Is he right in considering the Liberal party as once more a homogeneous body harmoniously working for common ends under acknowledged responsible leadership? He certainly is not right in suggesting, as we understand him, that the fiscal struggle will be fought out between the Unionist party as Protectionists and the Liberal party as Free Traders. To believe this is to make over again Mr. Gladstone's mistake of 1886—the mistake of supposing that a quite new policy could be fought out with old party watchwords and on the old party lines. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and Mr. Ritchie, to name only three eminent Unionists, are not in Lord Rosebery's view members of the Liberal party, yet they are Free Traders. There were Liberal Unionists in 1886, there are Unionist Free Traders in 1904; and the ultimate success of Free Trade will depend not a little on the recognition of this stubborn fact by party leaders—will depend upon their recognition that this fiscal controversy greatly transcends in importance other political questions of the day, and will not be decided by a mere party fight between the rival caucuses. Mr. Gladstone had wrecked the Liberal party when once the country saw clearly that his opponents could alone be trusted to maintain the Parliamentary union of the three kingdoms. The Unionist party will incur the same fate if the country becomes thoroughly convinced that its opponents can alone be trusted to maintain Free Trade. The greater Mr. Chamberlain's success in capturing the Unionist party, the greater will be the ultimate triumph of its opponents.

Home Rule has been a millstone round the neck of the Liberal party for more than half a generation. It is hardly yet certain that it has been quite thrown off, and the weight of the mere doubt still burdens heavily the prospect of Liberal success.

It was an evil day for the Unionist cause when Mr. Chamberlain first determined to make his fiscal policy the central principle of a new party. Clear-sighted men saw at once that, however much he might himself be inspired with the hope of welding more closely together the different parts of the British Empire, nothing could prevent his Imperial ideal from becoming merged in the attraction of a selfish class Protectionism. An agitation which after the first meeting or two became frankly Protectionist, led by a statesman so powerful as Mr. Chamberlain, was certain to develop rapidly. It might, to begin with, be possible for a time to veil what would soon be recognized as its real object, of enhancing prices for the benefit of producers, in vehement protestations that its main purpose was to knit more closely together the various parts of the Empire. It was soon discovered that though Colonial Preference in the British market might well suit some great interests in our chief Colonies, there was no intention on their part to allow free access of British manufactures to colonial markets. There may be something to be said for a Zollverein; but it is impossible to get British statesmen or electors to approve what is virtually the giving of bounties to colonial products in the English market, whilst British manufactures are excluded by substantial duties from entering into competition in the colonial market with colonial manufacturers. If there is no prevailing desire in the Colonies for freer commercial intercourse with the Mother Country, nothing can be done. We shall of course continue to receive



their produce as heretofore. It will continue to sell as freely in the English market as if it came from Hampshire or Birmingham. Colonial products may even be encouraged by colonial bounties, but no door, in the interest of our own producers, will be shut against them here. Our relations with our self-governing Colonies are now-a-days satisfactorily founded on the principle that they are "sister nations," and are as free as the United Kingdom herself to adopt such methods of finance and commerce as seem good to themselves. "Colonial Preference," it is now generally recognized, cannot as a policy rest upon its own merits. It owes such favor as still attaches to it in England to its being a necessary element in the great scheme of Protection which Mr. Chamberlain has put before the country.

In 1902 Mr. Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, addressed his constituents at Birmingham as follows:

I see no signs of any imminent or pressing danger to the prosperity of this country. During the last five years we have been engaged in building up an unparalleled condition of trade, and although we cannot expect that this will last for ever, although there are some signs that trade is not so brisk as it was, still, to my mind, the prospects are extremely good, and I am not at all disposed to take a pessimistic view of the situation.

In May 1903 Mr. Chamberlain, who had only lately returned from South Africa, had changed his mind on the subject of British prosperity. He saw dangers ahead, and he was thinking out a remedy in the direction of a reform or revolution of our whole fiscal system. Men were uneasy as to whither he was tending, but he assured his friends in Birmingham that "whatever he was, he was not a Protectionist." In the October following

he developed at Glasgow his scheme, which he frankly rested on his belief that the commercial and industrial prosperity of the kingdom was hurrying towards decay. The symptoms so clear to his eyes might be hidden from the multitude, just as the cracks in the tower of St. Mark's were unperceived to the very eve of its fall. So imminent was the danger that he had refused to consent to the delay in providing a remedy which a great and impartial inquiry would entail. He had his own scheme. He would appoint a number of his friends to work it out in detail. He would explain his policy in every part of the kingdom. He would summon public opinion in the Colonies to his support. He would create a great organization centred in Birmingham with ramifications spreading through every constituency. Those who rejected his policy were no longer to claim the title of Unionist. At heart they were even Little-Englanders! If men would only "think Imperially," they would recognize in him and his plan the true saviour and salvation of the Empire.

The country wondered what it all meant! Here was an eminent statesman suddenly throwing up office in order to found a great political Party on a new basis! The Prime Minister gave Mr. Chamberlain his sympathy, parted with the Free Traders in his Ministry, with whom apparently he had no sympathy, and reconstructed his Cabinet in a manner intended to assure the retiring Secretary of State that, though perhaps the time for action had hardly arrived, the Ministers of the King and he, Mr. Chamberlain, were aiming at the same objects, and that when public opinion had ripened, the happy time would have arrived for Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain together to accomplish a beneficent fiscal revolution.

In 1903 Mr. Chamberlain had dis-

covered that the nation, which in 1902 he had thought so prosperous and whose prospects seemed then so bright, was on the brink of ruin. In 1903 he was "not a Protectionist." What is he in 1904? It was the result of our Free Trade, he told us, last August,<sup>1</sup> that "Germany, France, and the United States had progressed more quickly than we had. . . . If this sort of thing continues," he said, "we shall fall into the position of a fifth-rate Power. . . . Retaliation is a very good policy as far as it goes, but where does agriculture come in?" All through his speech to his agriculturist audience ran the same note—that the great evil for which he was seeking a remedy was the low price of wheat. "Are you not justified," he asked the farmers, "in claiming the same justice for your industry which the Government has promised for manufactures? . . . . The effect of Free Trade upon the labor of this country has been disastrous." These are remarkable statements to come from the mouth of an English statesman of the twentieth century. There is nothing new about them; and there was nothing new in the reasoning by which they were supported. We do not wish to argue the matter over again on this occasion. We only invite our readers to ask themselves, if this is not Protection, what is? It is, of course, the old Protectionism of sixty years ago, and it was supported by the old, old arguments. Mr. Chamberlain sees clearly that his whole scheme of Protection must hang together. To retaliate in regard to manufactures, or to impose a ten per cent. duty to hamper foreign competition with home manufactures, makes it necessary to do something for agriculture. Of course it does! To protect from foreign competition one class of product, whether hops, cement, or Birmingham buttons,

gives rise to an equally strong claim to Protection to multitudes of other producers. If Protection is to be our fiscal system of the future, we agree with Mr. Chamberlain in holding that agriculture has a fair claim, we would even say the first claim, to Protection. Our industrial population won't stand the exclusion of cheap food at our ports. Then neither will our agricultural population stand the artificial raising of prices by high duties on commodities that they need.

It might be possible to *begin* with a small dose of Protection. The experience of other countries, and indeed of the present agitation, shews the impossibility of keeping it within limits. In 1902 we were assured that no attempt would ever be made to increase the shilling duty then imposed upon corn. A two-shilling duty is now the basis of Mr. Chamberlain's plan. The agriculturist interest is already aiming at a much higher figure. In France, where the duty is now at the rate of more than twelve shillings a quarter, "Tariff Reformers" thought it wise to begin with a very low figure. It is wonderful how rapidly the appetite for Protection grows! Protected trades need more and more Protection; and more and more trades need to be protected. Mr. Chamberlain gives a small bite, so to speak, to a very wide circle of interests. Not satisfied with a corn duty, there is the five per cent. on foreign meat, butter, cheese, eggs, &c., and there is the average ten per cent. on manufactured articles. Quite enough all this to make the mouths of very many producers water. They will inevitably ask for more! That it is to-day only the beginning they all see clearly enough. But, as Mr. Chamberlain would say, "Where does the nation come in?" Have not *all* classes prospered by reason of the cheapness, that is, the plentifulness, of food and other necessities? So it seems to us,

<sup>1</sup> At Welbeck.

but then indeed we are "not Protectionists"!

It is time to make an end once for all of the absurd pretence of Tariff Reformers that they are, in any sense "Free Traders." According to them it appears that Great Britain cannot rightly be considered a Free Trade nation, since other nations are Protectionist! There is no Free Trade anywhere unless there is Free Trade everywhere! In the meantime we must aim at "reciprocity," in which we are bid to see the real Free Trade! Not very new all this, Tariff Reformers would discover, if they looked into the history of this very ancient controversy. It is a pity that Mr. Cobden and Sir Robert Peel cannot see with their own eyes the growth of a national prosperity which has far exceeded their most sanguine dreams, and hear with their own ears our Protectionists of the twentieth century enlarging on the fatal folly of "one-sided Free Trade"!

Mr. Chamberlain very early in his campaign recognized that the strength of his cause, and its prospect of success, did not lie in argument. Above all it was felt that a Parliamentary debate on the merits of the proposals he was energetically urging on great public meetings would be little less than fatal. Mr. Balfour, who for a year and a half never missed an opportunity of assuring Mr. Chamberlain of his cordial sympathy, took care that if the Tariff question were touched upon at all in the House of Commons (which he could not prevent), it should be raised only as a question of confidence in his Ministry. Had Free Trade Unionists had the courage of their opinions, or had they been led by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach with the firmness and ability with which Liberal Unionists were led by Lord Hartington in 1886, tactics such as

these would have failed. As it is, Mr. Balfour has maintained a majority, and has played Mr. Chamberlain's game, without pledging himself in the meantime to support food taxes, or Colonial Preference, or the general duty on imported manufactures.

In the ranks of the Unionist Party there are many who have been convinced all along that the Prime Minister and Mr. Chamberlain are in entire agreement as to fiscal objects, and as to the direction in which fiscal reform should move, holding, however, that the former thinks it inexpedient to take more than a very short step at the present time towards the desired end. Other Unionists believe that the Prime Minister holds Free Trade opinions diametrically opposed to the Protectionism of Mr. Chamberlain. In a single sentence Mr. Balfour could of course at any moment have made his position clear. But an autumn of agitation in the country, and a whole Parliamentary Session, have been allowed to pass away without that sentence having been spoken. It is of set purpose that he has maintained silence as to his own views of the great political question on which his late colleague has determined to ask the verdict of the country.

All this has of course been highly favorable to the strategy of Mr. Chamberlain, which consists in capturing the machinery of the Unionist Party. In the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain were seen to be working together. And thus in the name of party loyalty and of Unionist principles, and not merely from a love of Tariff Reform one Conservative committee after another has committed itself to Mr. Chamberlain. A striking instance of the successful conduct of this sort of strategy was given in the series of operations by which the Liberal Unionist Association, presided over by the Duke of Devonshire,

was changed into a Tariff Reform Association, presided over by Mr. Chamberlain. The substitution of Mr. Chamberlain for the Duke of Devonshire was solely due to the fact that the latter was a Free Trader, and the former a Protectionist. The intention of "democratizing" the constitution of the Association was to enable it to be used, and its local branches to be used, for the purpose of promoting Mr. Chamberlain's policy. This of course could not be done whilst the Duke of Devonshire remained its President. The same tactics were pursued in the Liberal Union Club. There a very considerable number of Free Traders were anxious that the Club, as a club, should be neutral on the Fiscal question, whilst it maintained, as heretofore, its Unionist principles. As it was intended to use both the Club and the Association as part of the machinery to further Tariff Reform, Free Traders had no course open to them but to withdraw, and to take such steps as seemed desirable to secure both Free Trade and the Union.

It was inevitable that sooner or later the air would clear. Mr. Chamberlain's policy was a very definite one, and it was, as a simple matter of fact, "before the country." The Prime Minister must agree or disagree with Mr. Chamberlain. It has been for October 1904 to mark very clearly the change that has come over the situation since October 1903. In October 1903 Mr. Chamberlain was receiving every encouragement from the Prime Minister in his campaign. The Duke of Devonshire and the Free Traders in the Ministry differed from the Prime Minister in actively disapproving the steps which Mr. Chamberlain was taking to re-establish Protection. That was the cause of the rupture of the Cabinet; and it was with Mr. Chamberlain, not with the Free Traders, that the Prime Minister then and till the present

month has always expressed sympathy. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Lyttelton were introduced into the Cabinet in furtherance of what appeared to be the accepted Ministerial view that Mr. Chamberlain was leading the advance guard, and that the rest of the army was to follow as soon as it was safe for it to do so. Mr. Balfour professed to have formed no convictions on the merits of the rival policies of Free Trade and Protection; but whenever he spoke it was to depreciate the services of the great Free Traders of the past, and to point to Mr. Chamberlain as the embodiment of the higher ideals of our own generation. The Prime Minister did not realize, we doubt if he has yet realized, the deep gulf that divides Free Trade from Protection; or the impossibility in a country situated like ours, of a difference so fundamental, and of such far-reaching consequence to its future, taking a secondary place in party warfare. Last December the Duke of Devonshire, in answer to a question addressed to him by a Free Trader and Unionist elector on the occasion of a contested election, advised his correspondent to withdraw his support from a candidate who advocated the policy of tariff reform as propounded by Mr. Chamberlain. This advice, which frightened some of the more timid amongst Free Food Unionists, had great weight in the country, and pointed out the way and the only way in which electors sincerely attached to Free Trade could bring their influence to bear. In many constituencies this advice has been taken. Free Traders of all parties have felt compelled to make common cause in defence of a great principle. Tariff Reformers throughout a long course of bye-elections have not been able to achieve a single victory.

Arguments however sound may be ignored, if they cannot be answered.

It is impossible to ignore votes. The House of Commons may, it appears, be debarred from debating Mr. Chamberlain's policy. The Prime Minister may prevent for a time a general appeal to the country. Yet, through the rapid recurrence of bye-elections, the electorate has not been altogether voiceless since May 1903. North and south, east and west, town and country, have all told the same tale; and the belief has now become general that outside Birmingham, to run a Tariff Reform candidate is almost to assure the victory of his opponent.

The trend of Ministerial opinion throughout the Parliamentary recess has been clear enough. Lord Londonderry early in August complained that there had been an attempt "to rush" Tariff Reform upon the People. Mr. Brodrick, as Secretary for India, reminded the People that India had prospered greatly under Free Trade, and advised them to think twice before they abandoned it. Lord Rothschild, a very important supporter of the Government, known to be much in the confidence of the Prime Minister, declared himself strongly "against the taxation of the food of the people. He had the strongest belief that the artificial raising of the price of wheat and meat by taxation was a greater factor in producing discontent and making government difficult than anything else. He could not support Mr. Chamberlain in his wish to alter the incident of taxation on the first necessities of life." Mr. Ritchie, Lord George Hamilton, and Lord Goschen, said pretty much the same thing a year ago and more; but the Ministry then sympathized with Mr. Chamberlain, or at least did not give public expression to the contrary sentiments which now move them.

Very recently (October 3) the Prime Minister himself spoke in Edinburgh. In some rather curious sentences he

seemed to deprecate the interference of the House of Commons with the business and conduct of the Cabinet, whose duty it was to govern the country. Then turning to Fiscal Reform, his Sheffield programme, he declared, was "no half-way house." It was a policy complete in itself. It was not Protective.

"A protective policy, as I understand it, is a policy which aims at supporting or creating home industries by raising home prices" (such, for instance, as the American, German, colonial systems which Mr. Chamberlain has been holding up to us for imitation). "The raising of prices," continues Mr. Balfour, "is a necessary step towards the encouragement of an industry under a protective system. The object of Protection is to encourage home industries, the means by which it attains that object is by the manipulation of a fiscal system to raise home prices. If the home prices are not raised the industry is not encouraged. If the industry is encouraged it is by the raising of prices. That is in a nutshell Protection properly understood."

He was in favor of taxing foreign goods where that action or the threat of it would bring about negotiations to promote freer trade, and where it would not raise British prices. Let the Prime Minister beware lest "retaliation" should prove the maggot inside his nutshell and consume the Free Trade kernel within!

He was not himself a Protectionist, the Prime Minister continued, but he recognized Protection as an admissible doctrine within the Conservative party, in which, as he truly said, there had always been Protectionists. It was, however, a policy which he had never recommended or approved.

It is a policy which I do not believe to be expedient under existing circumstances, and I should never think of diminishing the zeal and earnestness of my support of a Conservative and



Unionist party should that party take up a Protectionist line. I do not think that I could with advantage in such circumstances be its leader. A man can only lead his party if he believes in the party's policy, and, although I do believe in the general scheme of politics which we in this room represent, I think I should have to leave it to others to deal with a policy of true Protection if the country should decide that such a policy was, in its opinion, expedient at the present time.

The Protectionist system of Germany, France, and the United States is avowedly adopted for the purpose of keeping up the price of home products. The German laborer eats rye bread because, though cheap wheat is brought to his very door, the Protectionist system keeps the door closed, and it is landed in England to the immense benefit of our people. Our manufactures are avowedly excluded from some colonial markets in order that manufacturers in those Colonies may obtain high prices. This is the very system which for the last eighteen months Mr. Chamberlain has been lauding to the skies. It is the policy long sincerely advocated by Mr. Chaplin and Sir Howard Vincent. To protest against it has been of late to incur the reproach of "Cobdenism," to be guilty of that idolatry of mere cheapness against which Mr. Chamberlain has solemnly warned his countrymen. Mr. Balfour thus declares in effect that he will resign the leadership of the Conservative Party rather than be responsible as its leader for recommending Mr. Chamberlain's policy of Tariff Reform to the nation.

We do not ourselves quite understand Mr. Balfour's political and party ethics. It is not right for a statesman to lead a party to adopt a policy which he believes to be injurious to his country; but there is, he thinks, no reason why, if it should be led in that direction by some one else, he need in any

way diminish the zeal of his support to his misguided Party! The conscience of the Party is apparently in the keeping of the Party leader alone. There is no individual responsibility anywhere else; and except as leader of his Party he would himself be perfectly willing to support Protection however badly he may think of it! The only possible explanation of all this, having regard to Mr. Balfour's high character and undoubted sense of duty to his country, is that with him these fiscal differences are of little importance compared with the great ends which he believes that the Unionist Party can alone secure to the nation. This is, indeed, the only theory upon which a good deal that is mysterious in Mr. Balfour's conduct since May 1903 can be accounted for.

Mr. Chamberlain's agitation and the opposition it has encountered have, according to the Prime Minister, brought the Empire as a whole into "a dangerous impasse." The way out of it lies through a free conference between representatives of the Mother Country, the great Colonies, and India, to consider proposals for closer union. "What we are aiming at is the consolidation of the British Empire." Therefore the policy of the Party, Mr. Balfour declared, was after next General Election, if he and his friends were in power, to summon a Conference of the various States of the Empire, whose representatives would be entirely free to bring forward any proposals, and come to such resolutions as they thought fit; such proposals, of course, having to be referred back to the separate States for approval before anything could be actually done. The delay would be an advantage rather than otherwise, for cautious advance was highly desirable. Thus for some years to come the tower of St. Mark's is to be left to totter!

There is much sound common sense

in the speech of the Prime Minister. If the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India think the time has come to consolidate the Empire "on fiscal or other lines," by all means let us meet together and talk that subject out. We are not sure that the great Colonies *have* expressed a desire for closer political relations with the Mother Country; but that is a matter which a conference would help to make clear. As an answer to Mr. Chamberlain's agitation and to the now famous proposals for taxing our bread and butter, the meat, the dairy produce, and the manufactures that come to us from foreign lands, it can hardly be considered satisfying, at least by Tariff Reformers. If Mr. Chamberlain accepts it as sufficient, he accepts defeat. Let us turn then to his speech, made only two days after the Prime Minister's, at Luton.

Mr. Chamberlain repeated once more the old fictions. Free Trade has driven a million laborers off the land, to the workhouse, to distant lands, or to starve in our great cities! What consolation is it to them that the income tax returns shew increased wealth to the nation? Language such as this may gain a momentary cheer at a large meeting, but is estimated at its proper value by the generality of the people. They know that with a very much larger population, a much smaller number of the laboring classes is now supported by the rates. They know that of all the classes that have prospered under Free Trade, the working classes have prospered most; as indeed the working classes themselves recognize with something approaching to unanimity. They know that men who in former times would have been forced to work at starvation wages in the fields are now earning high wages and spending prosperous lives in the pursuit of some more paying industry;—many thousands of them actually em-

ployed in making that same labor-saving machinery which is one cause of the reduction of the number of rural laborers. At Luton it was of course natural that the straw-plait trade should be held up as an industry ruined by Free Trade. Like tinplates at Cardiff, buttons at Birmingham, bottles at St. Helens, it was one more instance of the general ruin we see around us! Ruin caused by Free Trade. Ruin which will be converted into prosperity by Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal reforms! As at Welbeck, so at Luton, there was no mention of the one class which *might* benefit by his proposed fiscal system; and that class the very one which it is most easy to prove *would* benefit. Why does Mr. Chamberlain never mention the great landowners of England? Perhaps, judging from the Dukes of Portland and of Bedford, he may think that that class needs no conversion, and, indeed, there is no doubt that if the question were referred to the owners of agricultural land, Protection would be heartily voted by an immense majority. How long if they had their way would the import duty on corn be allowed to remain at the paltry figure of 2s. a quarter?

Mr. Chamberlain's treatment of Mr. Balfour's speech is not a little interesting. He welcomes it as an advance by the latter to his own position! and boldly speaks of the fiscal reforms which they are together advocating! The proposed Colonial Conference is, he thinks, a decided and practical step towards him; though he sees no reason for treating the conclusions it might come to as only suggestions, which would require the definite acceptance of each State of the Empire. He has always approved Mr. Balfour's Sheffield speech; and at Edinburgh Mr. Balfour has merely repeated Sheffield.

How much longer is this make-believe to go on?

Mr. Balfour's Sheffield speech is made use of by Tariff Reformers to shew that the Prime Minister *agrees with Mr. Chamberlain*. It is used by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and very many Unionist members and candidates to prove that the Prime Minister is opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. Does he himself intend it as a negative to Mr. Chamberlain, or as a stepping-stone towards him? The truth is that Ministerial candidates are in a far more "dangerous impasse" than the British Empire. Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded in placing himself, so far as fiscal policy is concerned, at the head of the old ultra-Tory section of the community. Under the statesman-like rule of Lord Salisbury, assisted by the influence of his Liberal Unionist allies, the following of Mr. Chaplin and Sir Howard Vincent never gained the ascendant in the counsels of the Unionist Party as a whole. It is otherwise to-day. And as that section gains power within its own Party, that Party loses its hold over the country.

Mr. Balfour now realizes that to identify his Party, already greatly weakened by Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda, with the policy of the Tariff Reform, would mean, at a General Election, *débâcle* rather than mere defeat. But can he avoid this, without in plain and unmistakable English saying "No" to Mr. Chamberlain?

Mr. Balfour gives his definition of Free Trade. It is a good one. He has declared himself a Free Trader. His reason shews him the inexpediency of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. He will resign the leadership rather than make himself responsible for them. As for Mr. Chamberlain's "Commission," he totally ignores it. Yet Mr. Chamberlain speaks as if he and the Prime Minister were advancing hand in hand to the same goal! Mr. Balfour cares about words; Mr. Cham-

berlain about deeds. It is of no consequence to the latter whether he is called Free Trader or Protectionist. His policy is before the country, and by the utilization of Conservative and Unionist machinery he is forcing the Party to accept it. If Mr. Balfour is to prevail his words also much be followed by deeds. He must dispute the command of the party caucuses. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Selborne, and Mr. Victor Cavendish have consented with their eyes open to the conversion of the Liberal Unionist Association into a mere instrument for advancing Mr. Chamberlain's Protectionist policy. As such it helps with their cognizance to arrange his meetings and to support a policy now apparently disowned by the Prime Minister. In constituency after constituency the local caucus declares for Protection, without a single public protest against it from Conservative headquarters. And thus, when an election comes, the seat is lost! The country will watch with anxiety to see if and how far Mr. Balfour is determined to make good his recent words in Edinburgh.

Amidst all these ambiguities and uncertainties, the position of Unionist Free Traders is a clear one. They have accomplished much already. Had they acted in the House of Commons with greater vigor they would have accomplished still more. They must prevent the Unionist cause from being identified with Protection. They must shew in every constituency that their determination to maintain the Union is as strong as their determination to uphold Free Trade. So far in very many constituencies the Liberals are willing to meet them. Free Trade Unionism, as a matter of fact, tells heavily against Home Rule—a policy which indeed has lost almost all charm for the British electorate. On the other hand, to unite the cause of the Union with the cause of Protection, and to con-

stitute the opponents of Unionism the sole defenders of Free Trade, would be a fatal mistake from the point of view of everything which Unionists have hitherto held dear.

There is a possible danger lying concealed, or half concealed, in the balanced phrases of the "Sheffield policy," which Free Traders would do well to bear in mind. Mr. Balfour, at Edinburgh, as has been said, made some strange observations with reference to the relations between the Cabinet and the House of Commons in our constitutional system; and Mr. Chamberlain and his Tariff Commissioners would seem to dream of a tariff not under the entire, and absolute, and detailed control of the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain at Luton interprets Mr. Balfour as "asking for a free hand to deal with hostile tariffs and with dumping." He has a free hand already to negotiate as he pleases, and for any purpose he pleases, with Foreign Powers; *subject always to the approval of Parliament*. That is the only check upon his freedom. Duties involve taxation, and it is impossible to believe that the House of Commons will ever surrender its hold over taxes into the hands of the executive Government. Least of all would the House of Commons be prepared to leave the power of imposing import duties to a Ministry supported by a party amongst whom, according to its leader, Protectionist doctrines have always found a home.

The Sheffield speech did not in truth set before the country a policy at all. Its real object seemed to be to enable people whose natural tendencies inclined to Free Trade to remain members of a government and a party whose leader was to all appearance encouraging and supporting Mr. Chamberlain in his Protectionist crusade. For such purposes from the purely party point of view it has achieved

some temporary success. Politicians of various opinions have combined in supporting the "Sheffield programme." But the time has arrived when the country calls upon the Prime Minister to give it something more than the repetition of an ambiguous speech which was at best a mere measure of expediency invented a year ago at Sheffield to stave off party rupture.

The Prime Minister has defined Free Trade, and has declared himself a Free Trader. Will he *act* as such in the face of the agitation by Mr. Chamberlain to promote what according to Mr. Balfour's own definition is pure and simple Protection? No Unionist wishes Mr. Balfour to resign the leadership of his Party. His duty to himself and to his country requires that he should lead it by the light of his own convictions. He assures us that in his view "Protection is not expedient under existing circumstances." What are the circumstances to which he refers? Would the success of Mr. Chamberlain's crusade with the electorate have changed existing conditions, and made Protection "expedient"? Free Traders would welcome a much stronger declaration from the Conservative leader; and though he appears to us to be really inclined to draw back from the abyss into which Mr. Chamberlain is leading his party, he certainly has not yet given any assurances which can diminish the duty of Unionist Free Traders to rally in defence of their two great principles.

There is very little use in the Prime Minister and his colleagues assuring us that they are Free Traders, if they allow at elections the whole strength of their party to be thrown on to the side of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform candidates. Above all, it has to be borne in mind that it is the direction of the first step towards Protection, not the length of it, that matters.

The cause of the Union and the cause of Free Trade are of the deepest importance to the nation; and whatever may be the result to party arrange-

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ments, we firmly believe that the nation is fully determined to uphold them.

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### SOME NATURAL HISTORY.

The husband had only just got into work again after three months without employment, and that was why they did without a doctor, depending only upon the assistance of a woman who had had much experience in that over-populated district. That, too, was why the mother tried to get about too soon, and, thanks to a premature morning at the wash-tub, was thrown back in her recovery for weeks. But the baby thrived, and in due season Mrs. Hawkins brought herself to be churched and her child to be christened, and so, without benefit of god-fathers, he received the name of Albert.

Albert's vocation for the next three and a-half years was to be in the way, and he discharged his responsibilities in this respect with a devotion which left nothing to the imagination. By this time, however, he was mature enough to sit on a doorstep, to play in the street without being run over, and to act as nurse to his little sister, whom he tried in vain to initiate into the mysteries of the changing fashions. Hoops, it is true, were a little beyond him; nor was he able to protect his property from the clutches of a monster of six from a neighboring district, who triumphantly trundled away Albert's hoop round one corner just ten seconds before Albert's father turned the other on his way home from the gasworks, whereupon Albert was chastised, which seems unfair; but he developed a fine taste in marbles, and

his grotto, made of mud, scallop-shells, bits of slate, faded flowers, and old tram-tickets, was a thing of beauty and a joy till kites came in again, and grottoes were forgotten.

Then scarlet-fever broke out, and there were two cases in the house next door. One of the children was detected by an eagle-eyed vestry official and promptly despatched to the fever hospital; but the other was secluded by his mother till peeling-time, when he resumed his play in the streets. Not unnaturally, Albert sickened shortly afterwards, and by the time that he had been fetched away in a queer four-wheeled cab with ground-glass windows, a nurse in attendance, and a driver wearing a hat embroidered with the initials M.A.B., his sister was ill too. Her illness did not last long, for a week later another queer vehicle drew up at the door, and, amid the sympathetic comments of a crowd of neighbors, her little body was drawn away to be laid to rest in a grave where twelve others already slept. Albert's parents could not afford a private grave.

Meanwhile, Albert, unconscious of the gap in the circle at home, was having a perfectly splendid time in the hospital. He was a bright little chap by nature, and, under the fostering influences of good nursing, wholesome feeding, and plenty of happiness, thrived as much in five weeks as he had thriven in five months at home.

Albert returned, and lonely enough



he found it. Loneliness resulted in bad behavior and the frequenting of unruly company, and it became clear that something must be done. "Why don't you send 'im to school?" asked a stout neighbor, mother of thirteen children, seven of whom were dead, as she discussed the matter with Albert's mother. "'E's too little," replied Mrs. Hawkins; "they won't take 'em at the Board School till they're four." "Oh, yus, they will," said the neighbor. "You go and see Mrs. Mackintosh: she'll put 'im with the bybies." Thus it came about that Albert first went unwillingly to school.

But after two or three days the unwillingness ceased, for school among the babies turned out to be organized play, with occasional romps. The teacher in charge of the tiny tots was an elderly woman, who in a motherly way taught her little charges how to behave, and laid the foundations of sound discipline with unvarying kindness. Morning by morning Albert was impatient to be gone as soon as ever his mother would take him; afternoon by afternoon he had heaps to tell her when she came to fetch him home. Wet days and Saturdays were sad times, and holidays seemed hideously long, but the return to school was always welcomed with uproarious joy.

So the swift months passed by, and the day when Albert was five took everybody by surprise. This birthday was marked by his promotion in school from being a baby to being an infant who learned real lessons, said "'ullo!" with engaging confidence to all grown-up strangers whose business brought them within his school playground, and looked with a certain disdain upon babies who only played. Albert began to develop an ambition, which was to obtain an attendance medal. According to the custom of elementary schools every scholar who was neither late nor absent morning or afternoon for a

whole school year won a bright medal, which simple trophy was much coveted. "Please, teacher," said Albert during his second year with the infants, "how many more years shall I be at school?" The teacher gave the problem the consideration which it deserved, and returned the correct answer to the inquirer. "Then," said Albert emphatically, "I shall get nine medals." But he didn't. One year it was measles, another year it was mumps, a third year it was snowy weather and an absence of boots (his father being out of work), that dashed his hopes to the ground; and once he got safely to within three weeks of the end of the year when an unlucky piece of orange-peel sent him crawling home in bitter tears—tears that were shed more for the lost medal than for the pain in his ankle. Indeed, it was not until he was eleven, and fairly high up among the big boys, that Albert was called up before the School to have the shining thing pinned over his beating heart by the School Board member for the division in which the school was situated.

Life in the boys' division was sterner but more glorious than it had been among the infants. There were no women teachers here, but men, and over all the great head-master himself—Mr. Braid. Mr. Braid had been head-teacher of the boys' department ever since the school had been built, in what was then a rough neighborhood, three-and-twenty years before. Often enough opportunities had been his of taking charge of newer and more palatial schools, but he felt that his vocation lay in the place where he had worked so long, and remained at his post watching, with no pang of jealousy, the appointment of younger and less capable men to coveted positions. Perhaps he had his reward. Years before, shortly after he came, it had been his duty to give sharp punishment to

an ill-behaved youth. Next day a half-drunken gas stoker burst into the room, strode up to the head-teacher, and felled him to the ground. It was the culprit's father, who swore that no teacher should lay finger on son of his. Happily the other masters rushed to the rescue, and Mr. Braid escaped with his life and with a scar that he will carry to the grave. It was a crisis in the history of the school and of the district, and Mr. Braid proved equal to it. Instead of calling in the police, he went, as soon as he was well enough, to the man's house, found him sober and ashamed, and spoke to him as man to man. "I've got my duty to do," he said, in conclusion, "and I'll do it if I die for it; and, what is more, I look to you parents to help us teachers, not to make things harder for us." They shook hands at parting, and from that hour Mr. Braid had no firmer supporter than the man who had half killed him. No such incident would be possible now. Most of the younger men in the district have passed through his hands. The parents know that their lads are safe in his care. The managers of the school have implicit confidence in his judgment. The clergy consult him in their perplexities about Sunday-school and choir practice. Often you will see a tanned soldier or a nut-brown sailor making his way to the head-master's private room; it is one of his old pupils come to shake hands with Mr. Braid, and, perhaps, to become his disciple in harder questions than can be solved by the rule of three.

It was seldom enough that Albert came into official contact with the head-teacher, for most of the instruction was given by the assistant-masters; indeed, Albert could have wished that the occasions had been even less frequent. To tell the truth, Albert was approaching the awkward age, and the interviews took

place for the most part after school hours, and were painful to both parties. "I should be sorry to rule by means of the cane," said Mr. Braid once, "but I should be sorry, indeed, to have to rule without it," and a certain set of boys, of whom Albert was an admiring follower, gave the master ample opportunities of putting his theories into practice. But, in spite of these interludes, school-time was happy enough, and our young scape-grace learned many a thing which he was destined to forget as soon as school years were ended. Of these elementary arithmetic was not one; the lad kept his calculating powers bright by exercising them upon certain simple sums connected with the betting odds.

It was at this time of his life that Albert first made his real acquaintance with the country. Of course, he had spent various hours at the seaside and in Epping Forest on the occasion of Sunday-school treats, and he had once been by steamer to Hampton Court when the annual choir excursion took that direction, (shortly afterwards his brief career in the choir ended ingloriously owing to a rash indulgence in cigarettes in the vestry), but he had never spent a night out of London. One day in the late spring, however, Mr. Braid came into the class-room and said: "If any of you boys want to go into the country this summer by means of the Children's Country Holiday Fund you must give in your names before the end of next week." It suddenly occurred to Albert that he would like to go, and he easily succeeded in badgering his mother into giving the required permission and into putting by the necessary pence to pay the small sum required of him towards the expenses.

The eventful day of departure arrived, and Albert found himself with forty other youngsters in the school

playground. After a searching examination by the district nurse, which resulted in two unfortunates being detained to work out their destiny in measles at home instead of carrying destruction to the countryside, the whole crew were packed into a borrowed coal-van under the charge of one of the local committee, to be conveyed to the railway terminus three miles away. Each child had a large pink ticket of identification pinned on the breast, a bundle of some kind containing a more or less sufficient change of clothing, and a proper bag of provisions meant for the journey, but consumed before the school was out of sight; each was pale with the summer heat of London; each was wildly excited; and the unhappy gentleman sitting in the coal dust with his legs hanging over the tailboard had a singularly interesting time. But somehow or other they were all despatched safely by train, and the conductor made his way to the nearest "wash and brush up, 2d.," with a sense of relief in his heart and lifelong vows trembling upon his lips.

Albert's letters home during the succeeding fortnight were scanty and formal. They made no mention of the terrible day when the good farmer's wife with whom he was lodged was within an ace of sending him straight home; nor, indeed, did they tell of that adventurous sail across the duck-pond on a flimsy raft, which resulted in the complete ruin of the three pairs of trousers belonging to the three sailors; nor yet of the hasty visit of the doctor to deal with an anguish born of green apples. Something leaked out later concerning Albert's terror lest cows should bite; and the day when the pigs unlatched the gates of their styes and had to be caught and driven home by Albert (that was how he explained matters) is still remembered in the village. All that is

certain, however, is that when the too brief fortnight ended, and a fat red-cheeked Albert, many times too stout for his waistcoat, had to return, his hostess was in tears at the thought of separation, and sent him home laden with good things packed in a great big basket; and that thereafter kindly letters were exchanged between town and country; and that Christmas brought the twin brother of the August hamper.

The lad had to help to swell the family income before he left school for regular work. The number of his brothers and sisters had grown steadily, with the result that whereas Sunday saw a magnificent hot dinner, which usually lasted through most of the afternoon, and Monday and Tuesday were marked by the rapid disappearance of the remnants of Sunday's feast, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday were kept as days of abstinence. During the last half of the week the children's dinners consisted of a slice of bread and a farthing to buy sweets, the mother living on bread soaked in tea that her husband might have sustenance enough to keep him going at his heavy work. In the winter things were harder, and many a time did Albert go blue and hungry to school, till the family pride gave way and he was suffered to breakfast on the mug of cocoa and the hunk of bread which certain poor but charitable folk enabled the vicar to supply, morning by morning, to a hundred children.

Fortunately it happened that the local barber's business was growing, and, after a brief and businesslike conversation between the barber and Mr. Hawkins, Albert took up his duties out of school hours as lather-boy at the haircutting saloon. The busiest times were Saturday night and Sunday morning, when the little shop was packed with the men of the district, each of

them armed with a black clap pipe, a week's growth of beard, and a newspaper. In turn they dropped into the shaving-chairs and lay back luxuriously while Albert, whom they humorously designated "Young Sweeney Todd," lathered them in preparation for the barber's operations. It was a perfectly scientific instance, had they but known it, of economic division of labor.

Occasionally there was a press of business on the other days of the week, and on such days Albert was absent from school, while one of his brothers carried a note with a trumped-up and very transparent excuse to the head-master; but Mr. Braid knew his district, and a glance at the broken boots of the messenger told him all that he required to know of the real necessities of the case.

One day Albert came home with a queer feeling of mingled desolation and expectation; schooldays were done. His mind was running on a few words of excellent advice from his head-master, and he carried in his pocket a few lines of recommendation from the same friend, which enabled him to get a place with the news-agent in the main thoroughfare. He had entered, at fourteen, upon man's estate. Man's estate did not prove, in practice, to be singularly eventful. Work began at half-past six with selling the morning papers to workmen as they hurried to catch the early trains; it continued with sweeping out the shop and delivering more morning papers at the houses of a few resident subscribers; it ended whenever the last edition of the latest evening paper was got rid of. Albert was not sorry when he was old enough and big enough to get another place.

This time it was outdoor work. There were a few small factories in the neighborhood, one of which supplied a hungry world with pickles and the surrounding population with pun-

gent fumes. The company's goods were distributed by vans, and Albert entered the pickle business as a van-boy. His chief duties were to sit on the back of the van and perform extraordinary balancing feats in crowded traffic, to goad stout 'bus-drivers to madness with personal remarks, and, on pain of skilful lashes from his driver's whip, to unload the pickle-jars and deliver them at retail shops without undue delay or breakages.

The days were pleasant enough, for there was little actual work to be done, and Albert was perfectly happy when swaggering in his apron of sacking and learning his way about London. The evenings were the dull time. Work was generally over by six or seven, and when he had washed and had had his tea there were still three or four hours to be got through before bedtime. It was no good staying at home, for there was hardly room for a lad of sixteen in that place of washing and bed-going children. There remained only the street corners and the society of other youths of like age and in the same predicament. But street corners pall; when the betting calculations based upon the evening paper's recommendations are consummated in a slip of paper and a coin handed furtively to the bookmaker's tout as he strolls by, and when the same old conversation has been repeated for the fifteenth evening in succession, it only remains to attract the policeman's attention, with a view to hasty flight round two or three streets, and then the possibilities are exhausted.

Once or twice Albert sneaked into a cosy-looking, well-lighted publichouse, encouraging himself with the reflection that his money was as good as anybody else's, and that he had as much right there as anyone; but the first time that he tried the experiment the older men who frequented the place frowned him out—they wanted no

saucy boys there, and let him know it —and the second time funds were low, and it was conveyed to him that he could not expect to have the run of the place for unlimited hours on the strength of one glass of beer.

It was this monotony that led to the great expedition. "Look 'ere, you blokes," said one of the bigger lads one dismal evening "let's go to the fair." There was a permanent fair, held on an uncovered piece of ground in a neighboring parish a mile or two away, which was famous for the hideous noises of its roundabouts and the rowdiness of the youths who thronged it. "Don't forgit yer belts, lads, they might come in 'andy," chimed in another boy, and the party, fifteen strong, set off. The policeman at the corner eyed them as they passed; but it was no business of his, and he could do nothing but murmur, as he saw the direction which they took, "Gawd 'elp some one."

The fair proved to be amusing and lively. There were cocoanuts to be shied at, girls in twos and threes to be laughed at, (Albert was too bashful to take much part in this sport), bottles to be fired at. Presently Albert found himself with only two or three of his companions in a dark corner of the ground. Near him, lurking in the shadows, was another band, and he suddenly felt afraid. Half unconsciously he began to unbuckle his leather belt, then, looking round and finding himself deserted by his friends, turned to flee. It was too late. Strangers were all round, and before he knew what was happening the mob was upon him. "Come on, blue boys," yelled some hero; "there's only one of 'em; give 'im 'ell!" Albert aimed a wild blow with the buckle of his belt, and saw a line of red suddenly flare out on a white face. Next moment, with a skill born of experience, some one behind swung a more heavily

loaded belt and laid Albert's face open from temple to jawbone. With a shriek, offspring of terror and livid pain, the boy sank to the ground. Happily for him help was near. "Now then, move on there," said a gruff voice; and a huge policeman, who knew nothing as yet of what had happened, but guessed that the riotous amusement (of which he took Albert's yell to be a sign) might easily degenerate into trouble, came slowly up. "Edge on out of it," he added more sharply, as the mob drew closer together and his suspicions began to be roused. "You there, Mike, if you don't clear I'll soon put you where I can find you. . . ."

It was a bow drawn at a venture, for he could distinguish no face clearly; but there happened to be among the gang a sweet youth named Mike, whose conscience had reason enough to make a coward of him. With a cry of "Copper!" Mike took to his heels, followed by the rest, whose flight was assisted by one or two well-directed blows of the constable's heavy folded cape. "Nice lot," muttered the man as he turned; and in turning tripped over the prostrate Albert. "'Ullo!" he added, "what's up?" "My Gawd, my Gawd," was the moaning reply. The constable flashed his lantern on the mangled face, then, dropping on his knee beside the lad, lifted him gently up, and made a rough-and-ready bandage of his handkerchief to staunch the bleeding.

By this time a small crowd had collected, and somebody volunteered to help to carry Albert to the nearest doctor. When the red lamp was reached the doctor proved to be out, but his assistant was there, and hastily patched up the wound. "This is a hospital job," he said, forcing a reviving draught down his patient's throat. "Get him to James's as quick as ever you can. There are trains



every twenty minutes, and you'll just catch the next one. The station isn't three minutes away."

The next thing that Albert knew at all clearly was that some one was in pain—bad pain. It dawned on him that he was himself the sufferer, and he opened his eyes. He was in a narrow bed in a great strange room, his head swathed in bandages, and a nurse was standing by his side. "Don't move, eleven; keep quite still and don't try to talk," she said gently. Albert did not try to talk, but he tried to sit up, being in a state of bewilderment, only to sink back with a feeling as if a red-hot iron were being thrust through his face. Somebody tore the bedclothes from his chest, something like a needle stabbed his arm, and, with a blessed relief from agony, Albert sank again into unconsciousness.

The first tidings reached his anxious parents next day, when, on his looking at his evening paper, the father's eye was caught by frantic headlines, "*Hooligan Outrage*," followed by an animated but inaccurate account of what had happened.

Some days elapsed before Albert was sufficiently recovered to be able to take much interest in his surroundings. Then, one afternoon, the nurse approached his bed. "Here's a visitor to see you, eleven," she said; and added to the newcomer, "you must not stay long enough to tire him, please." Albert looked up inquiringly, for it was not visiting day. "Why, it's the new curick," he muttered half aloud. "That's right," said the visitor, "I'm the new curate, and I've been meaning to come and see you ever since I heard of your mishap. May I sit down?" He drew a chair to the bedside. "It's so hard to see some of you youngsters when you leave school," he proceeded; "you're at work all day, and you're out all night, and you don't come near

us on Sunday, so that it's only when you're ill that we ever come across you. How on earth did you get into this scrape, eh?" Albert had decided by this time that the curate was of a friendly disposition, and the two soon began to get on well together. Their first interview, however, was not of long duration, for the nurse began to hover ominously in the neighborhood, so that the clergyman hastily took his leave, promising to come again the following week.

Next week Albert was stronger; he was, indeed, allowed to sit up in bed, leaning against pillows, so that conversation could be carried on more comfortably. "What do you do with your spare time?" asked the visitor soon; "and how do you amuse yourself?" Albert described the street-corner evenings, modestly omitting all reference to the betting-slips. ". . . Sometimes we play mouthorgins till the copper moves us on; sometimes we go to the Branch and make a noise in the gallery; on Saturday afternoons we play football on the brickfields, only Jim Rivers always spoils it. 'E's a boxing man, you know, sir, an' thinks 'e can do what 'e likes, and there's none of us as can stand up to 'im except the Pigeon, and the Pigeon and 'im is pals." There was a pause. "Tell you what, sir," went on Albert, with sudden enthusiasm. "There was a waxwork show off the Bridge Road a few weeks back; my, it was class. There was a tabloo of the 'Unting Lyme murder. Oh, you ought to go an' see it! There was the gell with 'er throat cut from ear to ear, an' the bloke sneakin' off, and the keys what the tecs copped 'im by lyin' just as they dropped on the ground."

The curate shuddered, not seeming to relish the picture. "Why don't you come and join our club?" he said. "The vicar has asked me to start one, you know, for you lads; and you'll

find it far better than loafing round street corners."

"Oh, I don't want none of yer clubs," said Albert; "you get all the collar-an'-tie boys there, bible-class boys, an' all that. They don't want us, an' they'd get sniggerin' an' makin' remarks till some one got 'is 'ead broke."

"Not a bit of it; this new club is just for you lads—you and your friends. Tom McCarthy and Harry Franks and two or three more have promised to come. Won't you come too?"

"Oh, well, if Tom an' 'Arry are coming . . . I'll think about it," replied Albert; and the subject was dropped. Apparently he thought about it to good purpose, for the very night that he came out of the hospital, his head still in bandages, he presented himself shyly at the door, and, screwing up his courage, asked for the curate.

"Tell him to come in," said that gentleman loudly from within; and Albert entered.

About twenty lads, most of them smoking cheap cigarettes, were massed in a small room. It had at one time been a shop, and the old furnishings came in handy. The shelves, between which could be seen in places the vivid advertisements which ought to have saved the last proprietor from ruin, held a few books. The counter was used as a table for games and illustrated papers. From one of the hooks in the ceiling hung a heavy bag of sand, upon which Jim Rivers was giving a scientific display of punching. "Ere, you 'ave 'a go," he said, taking off the dilapidated pair of gloves, which had protected his knuckles from the rough sacking, and giving them to a boy who was looking on open-eyed and open-mouthed. The boy hit hard, but stopped short after the first blow with a smothered oath. "Found it, did you?" said Rivers, with a grin. "I 'ad an idea there was a bit of brick

stuck in it, and I 'it 'igh, myself." It was no good for the youngster to protest; but a champion appeared in the person of the redoubtable Pigeon. The Pigeon, as was known to the initiated, was so called from his uncanny luck in betting on pigeon-flying, and was, if not so clever a boxer, a far more terrible fighter than Rivers. "Wot a blackguard you are, Jim," he said pleasantly; "you might 'urt some one badly with that fool's trick, and it might 'appen to be me."

Rivers shrugged his shoulders, and commenced to chew a fresh straw as Albert passed through the glass-windowed door at the back of the shop into the little room beyond, where the curate was playing cribbage. "Why, Albert!" said the clergyman, looking round, "how are you? Out of the hospital again? That's good. I've been round to your firm, and they've got a job open for you, so you needn't worry about that." He did not realize as yet that such a remark, made out loud in mixed company, was a breach of etiquette; but his good intentions were evident. All settled down to their games again. Albert recognized two or three intimates, and entered into eager talk with them about his troubles at the fair, and so slipped easily into club life.

For some time to come every evening found him waiting at the door for the club to open, and among the last to leave. The nights were cold, the club was cosy, not to say stuffy, and there was always a welcome there. One night his place was empty. Time passed by, and no Albert appeared. Late in the evening there was a timid knock at the door. "Please, sir, you're wanted," and the curate stepped out to find Mrs. Hawkins in tears upon the doorstep.

"Please, sir, they've locked up Elbert"—his father always called him just "Bert," but his mother thought it

more respectable to give him his full title of "Elbert"—"and 'e'll be charged to-morrow, and will you ball 'im out? Which 'e never done such a thing; it was all them boys as 'e gets mixed up along with; and if 'e'd only gambled inside the club like the rest of 'em, 'e'd 'ave been all right, but 'e wouldn't do that, not 'im. 'E 'as too much respects for you, sir. . . ."

It seemed, after patient investigation, that Albert had been caught red-handed playing nap under the street lamp. Consequently the club was closed early—it was not yet deemed safe to leave it alone and unattended to its own devices—and the curate hastened to the police-station, wondering uneasily as he went what might be the significance of Mrs. Hawkins's remark about "gambling inside the club like the rest of them."

Bailing out was simple, and Albert was presently set at liberty with strict injunctions to report himself next day at ten o'clock. The boy was very silent as the two walked homewards, but from the little that he said it was clear that he had no intention of denying his act. "Can I do anything for you?" said the clergyman. "No, sir; except if you'd come and speak for me," answered Albert as they parted.

Next morning the curate was early at the court. His principal impression was an overpowering one of carbolic acid. The court was like a small hall, with a raised platform at one end upon which the magistrate's desk and seat were placed. The floor of the court was divided into various panelled compartments for various officials. At one side, near the magistrate's seat, was the witness-box; facing it was a place for the clerk. The whole was a harmony in drab, the only relief in the color-scheme being afforded by the royal arms. In front of the bench was the dock, a raised gangway, and behind a barrier at the back of the

court was an open area for the interested public. Among these the curate took his place, but was soon spied by a policeman, who asked him, politely enough, if he had special business there. "One of my lads is in trouble," he replied, "and I have come to see if I can do anything for him." "You'd better come and sit down here, sir, out of the crowd," said the policeman, indicating a seat in one of the compartments, "and I'll see if I can get his case pushed forward."

He disappeared through one of the doors, and there was time to look round. Suddenly a door behind the magistrate's place was opened. "Silence in court!" said a majestic voice. Everybody rose, and the magistrate, an elderly gentleman with a shrewd, kindly face, stepped in, bowed, and took his seat.

A little time was spent in his giving advice to a number of women who came one by one to the front with whispered tales of trouble, and then began a long procession of prisoners, each bearing a strong resemblance to the rest. "Drunk and disorderly" was the charge in nearly every case. Some were men, some were women, some looked sullen, some looked bored, some argued a little, most pleaded guilty, some had many convictions against them, some only a few, some consequently got heavier sentences than others. It was all sordid and vicious, the only rays of humor coming from a witty cab-driver, who was in trouble for leaving his horse and cab unattended. At last Albert was ushered in, and took his place in the dock, looking wonderfully young and innocent after the long series of brutalized faces. His mother had evidently tidied him up, and he was wearing a decent collar and tie for the first time for years.

A policeman stepped into the box, kissed the Book with a smack, gave

his name and number to the clerk, and proceeded with his evidence in a monotonous sing-song voice which betrayed an indifference oddly out of keeping with the prisoner's miserable excitement.

"Have you any questions to ask the constable?" said the magistrate to Albert, when the evidence was closed; but the boy did not seem to hear. "Have you any questions to ask the constable?" echoed the burly warder standing at the end of the dock. "Guilty, please my lord, sir," said Albert, with a break in his voice.

The magistrate looked round the court with a slightly perplexed air, and the curate perceived that the moment for his intervention had come. He stepped forward with an effort, said, "I should like to speak on the prisoner's behalf if I may," and found himself in the witness-box without quite knowing how he got there. The magistrate's glance gave him courage, however, and he managed to put in a plea for leniency, promising that he would do his utmost to keep Albert out of mischief for the future. The magistrate leaned forward and gave the

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boy some good advice, blended with sharp reproof; but it was evident that he was glad of an excuse for not convicting, and a few minutes later Albert and the curate were in the street together.

"You have been a young fool, Albert, and you have had a lesson. Take my advice, and drop gambling." But it was very hard to screw up a sermon to the still trembling lad; and they parted with mutual expressions of goodwill.

It was Sunday evening a few weeks later that the curate was walking wearily home after the end of the last service, when, as he made his way through the crowd in the great thoroughfare, he met Albert, whose arm was linked in the arm of a pleasant-faced girl. "Hullo!" said the curate to himself. "Albert walking out with Jessie? Well, she'll keep him straight if anybody can."

The curate had by this time experience enough to know that an influence had come into Albert's life, the ultimate issues of which no man could foresee.

*H. G. D. Latham.*

## MOZART AS A DRAMATIC COMPOSER.

### I.

It has been claimed for Richard Strauss, that he is the one great successor of Richard Wagner; the revealer of new possibilities in the "Music of the Future," the finder of a way out of the *impasse* in which that great master left his disciples. The second Richard is, however, rather the supplanter than the follower of the first. His true descent is from Berlioz and Liszt, whose "symphonic poems" the

titanic music-drama of Wagner overshadowed in their life-time. But now their revenge is at hand. Music-drama is now, for the advanced critic, as dull as ditch-water, as commonplace as a symphony of Haydn, as obvious as Italian opera.

But even the symphonic poem, in which supreme form Berlioz and Liszt expressed the passion of the modern soul, must now, we are told, suffer change into something supremely still. Strauss has found the secret of

"realistic" art in music, adopting "a medium of expression into which the voice with its limiting associations does not enter." He represents a new movement towards naturalness. His genius is for the literary rather than for the architectural or sculptural. Even in his songs, "the magic and power come from the sense they give of absolute emotional veracity," and in them he attains "not the rapturous abandonment of poetry, but an eloquent, impassioned, heart-searching prose." But is Strauss the first composer who has found the narrow way of emotional veracity? There may be something fine and stern in this deliberate seeking first for truth of conception and sincerity of expression, and treating beauty as the final grace of truth. But to Mozart, as to Keats, beauty and truth were one. "Emotional veracity" led him instinctively to beauty of musical form.

Strauss, like Wagner, is, therefore, for his disciples, not primarily a musician but a philosopher. He has laid violent hands on Music to make her the Pythoness, not of Apollo and the Muses, but of some Polyphemus of "eloquent heart-searching prose," who finds in the modern orchestra "a pipe for his capacious mouth." He has freed himself from the illusions of romance, and he is elaborating a technique which rejects not merely the old "architectonic" forms, but all the old musical conventions in melody and harmony. He is an iconoclast who demands for discord equal rights with his sister, concord.

All this eager struggle to escape from the thralldom of the old musical forms, to evolve expressive rhythm from irregular accentuation, harmony from a basis of unfettered discord, is a perfectly logical development of certain tendencies in modern music. It corresponds to similar tendencies in modern French painting and sculpture. The

experiment Strauss is making was inevitable, and the sooner he accomplishes his work of destruction and reconstruction, the better. He can destroy nothing good, and anything he invents will extend the keyboard for the next romantic dreamer to make vocal with "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." Why should we quarrel about *realism* and *idealism*—vague, pedantic words to express that spiritual rotation of crops by which art gets the best harvest from the crude stuff of life supplied by nature? The artistic convention changes as man's imagination gains a new point of outlook, and demands a new method of recording its impressions—that is all.

But what has all this to do with Mozart? Simply that I wish to call attention to what may seem at present but a back-eddy in the onward current of musical development, but which may in time unite with and greatly modify the main stream. This back-eddy is caused by the decay of Wagnerism as a fashionable cult. Now that Wagner has taken his place among the immortals, it is possible even for his admirers to judge him more dispassionately, to recognize his limitations, and to acknowledge the merits not merely of Mozart, whom for a while he eclipsed, but of the old contrapuntal method of treating a dramatic subject musically upon the stage. Mozartian opera was not killed by Wagnerian music-drama, any more than that has been killed by the symphonic poem of the present day. *Die Entführung*, shelved for nearly a century, has recently been revived at the Grand Opera in Paris, side by side with *L'Etranger*, a music-drama of ultra modern type.

"Programme music" is not a new invention. It began with the tribal songs and dances, in which the words of the chant and the movements of the



dance gave more precise significance to the emotion excited by the music; and in more recent times every mass, every cantata, every opera, is a piece of programme music, in which the words explain the occasion of the emotion expressed in the music. Music is the most abstract of the arts in its material, and the most logical in the evolution of its forms. But it is also the art which most intimately reflects all the subtleties of human emotion; but so subtly that, even to those gifted with musical "ear," it seems to reflect them vaguely. The *nuance* of emotion may be caught, yet the actual occasion of it remains undetermined when the clue is not given by words or their equivalent. Hence, ever since instrumental music developed along its own lines, independently of the voice, in suite, sonata, symphony, there have been attempts to make this "absolute music" more intelligible—to give the hearer some more definite notion of what it was all about. The symphonic poem or "prose," is merely the latest fashion in programme music. The explanatory text has the merit of assisting the hearer, especially the unmusical hearer, to understand something of the emotional significance of the music, as the thematic index enables him to comprehend its structure. But the music itself remains absolute, whether thus explained or not.

Wagner, in his music-drama, revolutionized dramatic music by throwing the chief burden of expression on the orchestra, and making the vocal parts musically subordinate. It is, in form, as in subject, a very German equivalent for Greek drama, in which the chorus, represented by the orchestra, utters an endless stream of musical declamation, through which the Protagonists shout their explanatory rhetoric in grandiose recitative. There is no nimbleness of movement, no lightness of touch. The action moves

slowly as on buskins. It is really symbolic epic on the stage, and is more in the spirit of oratorio than of opera. The slowness of the action is not necessarily tedious, when the convention is frankly accepted. When not excessive, it gives a certain dignity to the situations.

Much of Wagner's music is hysterical in its piling of the agony, and hysteria is always self-conscious, self-explanatory—in a word, rhetorical. Hence that coarseness and want of subtlety of expression in portions of his work, however complex in scoring, as compared with that of the great masters of pure musical form. He was a man of his age, affected by that semi-mystical hysteria of the intellect so prevalent in the nineteenth century—that century of problems, sexual and social, always in search of some regenerating enthusiasm. But his greatness depends on the fact that he was a poet, and remains mysterious in spite of his self-analysis.

Now, I have no quarrel with either Wagnerian music-drama or with the symphonic poem, novel, or picture, with its explanatory text. But I venture to think that the reign of annotated symphony as the sole form in which musical salvation is to be found will be a short one; and that Strauss, who has been called the modern Bach, may prove to be the herald of a modern Mozart. He has, it is said, discovered that the true method of writing music is not *vertically*, by the piling up of column after column of harmony, but *horizontally*, by the setting of melody against melody. That is to say, he has rediscovered the backbone of music, counterpoint. If this be true, it marks a return to musical sanity, a point of pause in the plunge into the hysterical chaos of vague impressionism; he would seem to have his knife at the throat of the invertebrate music of the day. But to be a great contra-

puntist a man must be a great melodist, as Bach was, as Handel was, as Mozart was—as who is now?

Mozart was a born melodist, and the instinctive ease with which he thought and wrote in counterpoint enabled him to develop, from contemporary Italian opera, a form of music-drama more lyrical than that of Wagner, because primarily based on the human voice, and more capable of sane, vigorous, and various development, because it was not an abrupt departure from those old musical forms which modern impatience of restraint tends to destroy rather than develop. The genius of music has more in common with the genius of architecture than with that of painting; and the structural element, melody, is sacrificed to the color element, harmony, at the cost of the permanent vitality of the piece. Good melodic construction in music leads to economy of material and breadth of treatment in decorative details, just as good construction in architecture does; and construction in both arts should be stern, clear, and majestic, rather than licentious, vaguely complicated, and meretricious. Wagner's structural use of the *Leitmotif* was the saving grace of his scores—his equivalent for the old counterpoint. There is some evidence that a reaction from the hysterical, blatant, amorphous modern music which has almost destroyed purity of tone, expressive phrasing, and beauty of style in singing, and which bids fair to make the huge modern orchestra a madhouse of hideous noises; and a return to the saner methods of the older composers, may be expected before long. In all forms of art there come periods in which, after rapid development in one direction, there comes a pause, a looking back, a taking stock of results, a finding again of some strand lost or obscure for a time, but now felt to have gained a new importance in the great web of invention. If

music is to live another century, we must learn to temper our craving for flamboyant originality with reverence for the laws of composition and harmony gradually evolved by the older masters.

Now, Mozartian opera was the first beautiful flower of a form of music-drama capable of indefinite development, and applicable alike to tragedy and comedy; and there is no reason whatever that its seedlings should not grow and live side by side with the latest fashions in symphonic poetry or prose. It is only faddists who believe that the human voice is a despicable instrument for the expression of human emotion; that a "literary" symphony is a more satisfactory musical form than such an opera as *Don Giovanni* or *Fidelio*, or that picturesque realism is more "natural" than the older melodious reveries of absolute music, which are not clamorous with the sickly cry: "O, that I were understood!" but go on their way rejoicing or sorrowing, for those who have ears to hear.

## II.

Mozart's reputation as a dramatic composer must chiefly rest upon his two great operas *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni*, even though Beethoven hailed *Die Zauberflöte* as the first flower of true German opera; while Weber says that "In *Die Entführung*, Mozart had reached the full maturity of his powers as an artist, and that his further progress was only in knowledge of the world." But charming as this romantic opera is, it cannot be compared with his later works as an example of his mature dramatic power. It was written when he was about twenty-five; *Le Nozze* in 1786, when he was thirty; *Don Giovanni*, the next year; and four years later he was hastily thrown into his pauper's grave, the exact locality

of which has never been ascertained. In these last-mentioned operas, the subjects of which were chosen by himself, he at last not only found themes that gave full scope to his genius, but *libretti* that were good stage plays. It is strange how seldom composers realize the fact that, however good their music may be, it depends finally upon the *libretto* whether an opera will keep the stage or not. Mozart had already suffered at the hands of his "poets," but now he found in the Abbate Da Ponte a sympathetic collaborator, and anxiously superintended the production of the text himself. To Da Ponte the world owes a debt of gratitude for the rare excellence of his work. Goethe, in writing to Schiller, who hoped that opera might help to develop a nobler conception of tragedy, says: "Your hopes for the opera are richly fulfilled in *Don Juan*, but the work is completely isolated, and Mozart's death frustrates any prospect of his example being followed." Goethe had himself desired to see his *Faust* treated as an opera by Mozart.

Like Wagner, Mozart was an innovator in his day, but it was his fate to die in his adolescence, before he had time to develop that perfection of dramatic technique he attained in *Don Giovanni*. He was still hampered by certain mannerisms in the musical forms of his day, and by the demands of the singers for conventional passages of display. There are too many repetitions of words and musical phrases in his operas for our modern taste, although these are not necessarily *vain* repetitions. The same words frequently acquire a new emotional value from a variation in the setting, and the same musical phrase may sound pathetic in the mouth of one of the personages, full of mocking irony in that of another; the orchestra emphasizing the change of feeling.

But any slight blemishes a modern

critic may find in his scores are not due to a defect in his dramatic instinct, which is always sure, but are merely mannerisms of the period he had not yet outgrown. His merits have of late received but scanty recognition, for while Wagner was in the ascendant they were regarded as too obvious and commonplace for lofty forward-looking souls to concern themselves with. To understand and appreciate them we must accept the conventions under which he worked. These are much the same as those of the old Italian opera. He made frequent use of *recitativo secco*, an excellent form of passages of rapid explanatory dialogue; of *asides* and *soliloquies*; of the more emotional accompanied recitative for passages of an interjectional or transitory kind, leading to sustained lyrical outbursts in aria, duet, quartette, &c., and also of that very important and charming musical convention, in which a number of persons can speak at once upon the stage without becoming unintelligible, and not merely without offending the ear, but with a gift for it of fresh delight. This beautiful form which Wagner uses timidly and half-heartedly, Mozart revels in; and his concerted pieces are dramatic in a more subtle and intimate way than those of any other composer. Every strand of the harmony expresses not merely the emotion of the person who utters it, but his character as well. It is not merely a counterpoint of musical phrases, but a *counterpoint of passion and character*. He does not need the intellectual device of the *Leitmotif* to label a personage or symbolize an idea; he instinctively endows each of his characters with a rhythmical language that most delicately fits his personality, while it expresses the emotion of the moment. This should be the method of every dramatist. It is the method of Shakespeare, whose characterization greatly depends on subtle variations of rhythm

and phrasing in the verse. Coriolanus speaks a different musical language from that of Macbeth or Richard II.; Juliet from that of Imogen or Perdita. There is a similar difference between the music given to Don Juan, Don Ottavio, and Leporello, to Almaviva and Figaro, or to Donna Anna, Elvira, and Zerlina, the Countess and Susanna. It is manifest in their solos; it gives vitality to the concerted pieces in which they take part. Mozart is the one great composer whose characters live and move upon the stage with almost as vivid a personality as those of Shakespeare or Molière.

In some ways *Le Nozze* is even more wonderful than *Don Giovanni*. The plot is too complicated for opera, but it gave Mozart his first great opportunity of dealing with a number of characters in rapid motion. Situations which a less skilful contrapuntist would reject as too complex for musical treatment, he attacks with the ecstatic audacity and workmanlike craftsmanship of a Nelson. Let any number of persons come upon the stage, each with something different to say, and he will find them characteristic music to say it in; and yet, somehow, by what seems a divine accident, all these different strains blend in one tissue of satisfying harmony. The stage pictures change like dissolving views, but the composer is always equal to the occasion. And how briskly and well it all goes on the stage! The pedantic realist may tell us that "opera is a false form of art" that singing and acting interfere with each other. This is sophistry. Dramatic music provokes dramatic action, and the singer who can act is more at his ease on the stage than in the concert room. Some of the best acting I have ever seen has been in opera, and especially in Mozartian opera.

In his treatment of Beaumarchais's brilliant comedy of intrigue, Mozart

has raised the emotional plane of the situations, and created a poetic drama of rare beauty. The marriage of Figaro in his hands becomes a type of the triumph of love over sordid intrigue; and when in the end the evil designs of the Court are frustrated, and he appears as the dupe of his own mean suspicions and jealousies, and is at last made to feel a touch of honest shame, the *finale* takes the shape of a hymn to love and joy, in which all the voices blend lyrically in one harmony of forgiveness and reconciliation.

But up to this point, how the music grips each dramatic situation, and vivifies each character! The gentle Countess lives in her two solos *Porgi amor!* and *Dove Sono*, and no less vividly in the concerted pieces, as in that phrase on "*Ah, la cieca gelosia!*" in her duet with the Count, when in search of Cherubino, he is about to break into her dressing-room—lives with that sweet and pure life with which Mozart, not Beaumarchais, has endowed her. And in Cherubino he has created a new and charming ideal of boyish romance. He is the embodied spirit of a boy's first passion; and in his two airs with their lovely accompaniments Mozart has probably expressed his own first love for the unresponsive Aloisia Weber. Susanna is the most complex character in the piece, and every phase of her personality—her ready wit, her quiet humor, her self-respect, her flashing scorn, her commonsense, which sees clearly where Figaro's knavery is at fault, her fidelity to this smart fellow, whom she loves with all her heart, with a secret rapture that she pours forth in her one lovely solo in the garden-scene—finds expression in turn in the music of her part. As for Figaro himself, he pervades the opera with his light-hearted self-confidence and brisk good humor. The idle self-indulgent Count, who "gave himself the trouble of being born,"

and lives in his aristocratic glass-house—"throwing stones like an ostrich with his head in the sand," as Mrs. Malaprop might say—is but his nimble valet's foil. There is a fine absence of humor in his music, for he takes himself seriously. Even the minor personages are distinctly drawn: Basilio's cynical character is epitomized in that one phrase, "*Così fan tutte le belle, non c'è alcuna novità*," in the armchair trio, while the young girl Barberina, whose very innocence makes her the *enfant terrible* of the plotters, is admirably sketched in her one little air, as she mourns over the lost needle that plays an important part in the *dénouement*.

Much of the charm of *Le Nozze* is due to the fine humor quietly smiling in the music: a humor genial and kindly, Italian rather than German, in its easy briskness and lightness of touch; but with a tender, sympathetic quality raising it to an emotional plane far above the coarser fun of *opera buffa*. In spite of its complexity of dramatic counterpoint, the score is simplicity itself in the harmonies used. A modern Academy student would be ashamed to use such a profusion of the commonest of common chords in such an "obvious" manner. This tonic and dominant business, this keeping to the key and its nearest relation bar after bar, is quite childish and commonplace to the ambitious young composer who fancies himself in the van of progress. But by no means so obvious is the felicity with which Mozart uses these chords, the value of which he knew much better than the modern men know the value of their discords and clever modulations. By them he obtains that splendid sonority, that broad magnificence of rich and changing color, that mystery of light and shade so characteristic of his work, and only to be obtained by that dexterous weaving together of gracious melodies in which he excelled. There is a stately

reticent eighteenth-century quality in his music, a sane and self-respecting enjoyment of life, of which we seem to have lost the secret. Its very rhetoric is fused in poetry, as in the best passages of Shakespeare. He never tears a passion to tatters, as Wagner often does. He sings first for himself, like a bird in his closet of green boughs; and if he dreams of an audience it is of that "fit audience, though few," of sympathetic spirits, who alone can overhear and appreciate him; while Wagner seems to strive and cry like a prophet with a message to a forward generation. There is an enormous waste of force, as of material, in modern music, which is a spendthrift living on its capital, that it may make a great show of wealth before the world. Mozart husbands his resources like a man who has inherited a great estate, yet can live in noble style well within his income. He makes his old-world harmony a more exquisite instrument of expression than the modern composer finds in his polychromatic scoring, because his harmonic coloring is made significant by the melodic pattern, and the simplest discords are made poignant by the instinctive skill with which they are used. Yet he can be daringly inventive when the emotion demands something strange and unexpected; and he never fumbles, never wastes a phrase or a chord, but in one swift flash of intuition the right form of expression is found, and each detail placed in due relation to the whole.

### III.

The atmosphere of *Don Giovanni* is very different from that of *Le Nozze*. With a few bright intervals, the air is sultry and thunderous from the first scene, in which the deep note of tragedy is sounded, to the end; and in the orchestra, which is handled with



consummate power as an instrument of dramatic expression, there is mysteriously conveyed a haunting sense of fate. It is as if, even in the most mirthful scenes, the spirit of the Commendatore was present, waiting for vengeance on his murderer. The musical color is deeper, richer, and more sombre than in *Le Nozze*. The personages seem to move magnificently in the mellow and glowing light of a picture of Titian.

The handling of the eight persons of the drama, five men and three women, is most masterly. They live in the music with an immortal life. Don Juan himself is not a melodramatic monster, but a man whose fate excites the tragic pity and terror. He moves before us with the quiet arrogance of a dominant nature, the lithe grace of a predatory animal. He is a cynical voluptuary, yet with a fiery energy underlying his joy of life. He has the courage of his vices, and there is a Pagan grandeur in his stoical pride when he stands face to face with horror in the statue-scene. He is a man of the Renaissance, with that Bacchic frenzy of animal spirits which surges in the swift and strongly accentuated rhythm of his "*Finch 'han dal vino*." He is capable of better things, but content to be a brilliant master of the art of amusing himself in petty adventures. He can unbend without loss of dignity, and meet any *contretemps* with a smile, because he is secure in his power of seduction. His facile and persuasive love-making owes its fascination to the fact that he plays the lover so well that he almost deceives himself. He has the art of the unabashed adventurer who manages to preserve the sympathy and admiration of his victims. Don Ottavio is a man of a different type, an indolent man, a romantic dreamer, with a chivalrous euphuistic love for Donna Anna, rather than a profound passion. His sym-

pathy with her is of a polite, conventional, not very intelligent kind. The tragic death of her father rudely breaks his dream, and he is only goaded into such action as he takes by her ardent appeals, to which he responds with cooling tenderness. There is a delicious languor in his two solos, "*Dalla sua pace*," and "*Il mio tesoro*," in which he daintily caresses his emotion. Leporello is drawn with a breadth and raciness of humor only equalled by Cervantes in his Sancho Panza. Folly, knavery, a frank, abashless politroonery, and a spice of sly drollery, for each of which, alone or in combination, we love him, make up his delightful personality, perfectly portrayed in the music assigned to him. Masetto never oversteps the limitations of his nature; his simplicity, his gullibility, his self-importance, his rustic love and jealousy, are all felt and graphically sketched in. His air of jealous rage, "*Ho capito, signor sì*," with its gusty bursts of vituperation of Zerlina, is a rare little bit of characterization.

The three women are drawn by Mozart, as he draws all his women, with fine insight, and there is a perfect dramatic unity in the music given to each. In Donna Anna we have the Spanish patrician lady, gentle and retiring until roused by passion. Then she is all on fire to avenge the death of her father. Her love for Ottavio brings out the gentler side of her character. She has constantly to spur him to action, yet she never loses faith in him. Haughty as she is, and capable of taking her own part on occasion, she is tender and almost submissive to him, yet firm where her own sense of right is in question. Few things, even in Mozart's music, are more true in delicate pathos than the recitative and air "*Non mi dir*," in which she repudiates Ottavio's conventional charge of cruelty when she has

refused to marry him until her father is avenged. She is hurt by his want of feeling for the strange horror of her situation, and for the purity of her motives; but her love remains deep and trustful as ever, and the music follows every change of emotion indicated by her words. Donna Elvira is a woman without the elevation of character that makes a heroine. Her wrongs have made her shrewish, as her air on first coming on the stage plainly shows. She regards herself as Don Juan's lawful wife, whether the marriage contract be valid in law or not. Her sharp tongue is his scourge, and she is always spoiling his schemes. Yet she loves the man who has deserted her, with a bitter and relentless love, does her best to save him from the consequence of his crimes, is ready to forgive him at the first hint of returning affection, and she is true to him to the last. Here, again, the music is the garment of emotion revealing her character. Zerlina is—no one but Zerlina, the most fascinating of village coquettes. There she lives and breathes in the innocent gaiety of the music that dances with her as she comes dancing on to the stage; in the reluctant yielding of "*La ci darem*"; in the coaxing roguishness of "*Batti batti*"; in the anxious timidity of the short duet with Don Juan, when he has pounced upon her just before the ballroom-scene; in the comforting motherliness of "*Vedrai, carimo*."

This is Mozart's greatest opera, not merely in its purely dramatic qualities, but in the solemn grandeur of its general effect, the pervading richness of tone in which all the varying scenes of tragic horror, pathos, bright comedy, and racy humor, are blended into one great harmony of impression. It satisfies the imagination, as some finely-conceived building satisfies the eye by the simple dignity of its main lines when seen at a distance, and as you

approach reveals new beauties of construction and decoration—each detail exquisite in itself, and so perfectly adapted to its place that the whole fabric seems to have sprung up like a flower, without hesitation and without fault. Mozart's work has the inevitableness of the works of genius, which, like the works of nature, grow by some inward logic of vital law.

The simple and strongly-marked rhythm of Leporello's opening air awakes expectation. Something ominous already seems to underlie the timorous lantern-bearer's comic ill-humor. What produces this feeling? He has begun the opera in the key of F, the key in which in the last scene he announces the arrival of the Statue to supper; and in the accompaniment to this first air the *forte* of the orchestra on the last note of each phrase of the first part anticipates the Statue's loud knocking at the door, which is emphasized by exactly the same notes with almost the same instrumentation. The tragedy follows upon this with startling rapidity. The short struggle between Don Juan and Donna Anna, the ensuing duel, at first contemptuously refused, then accepted, with cold-blooded ferocity by Don Juan; the grim trio of male voices expressing the gasping agony of the old man, the cynical coolness of his slayer, and the horror of Leporello, are all most dramatically handled; and who but Mozart could crowd so much tragic passion into so short a time? Yet he misses nothing—all is intense, direct, and expressed with perfect simplicity. Then follows Donna Anna's recitative, so full of poignant pathos, when she finds her father slain, preluding her duet with Ottavio, "*Fuggi, crudele, fuggi!*" in which she first thrusts her lover away, then asks his pardon, then turns with an agonized cry to look for her father's body, then calls on him to avenge the murder, which he swears to

do in sentimental fashion—by her eyes! Every phase of each speaker's emotion is expressed in turn with felicitous ease by the music, in this as in every subsequent scene. Mozart's method is of course quite obvious and obsolete: common chords, counterpoint, and little else, except genius. 'Tis as easy as lying.

To attempt any detailed study of Mozart's scoring, to show by examples with what economy of means he produces his effects, would need musical type, and Gounod has already made such a study in his little book on *Don Giovanni*, especially pointing out his masterly use of the different instruments in running commentary on the vocal parts. In his analysis of the instrumentation of Leporello's air in the catalogue-scene, for instance, he notes the cynical remarks of the hautboys and bassoon, and "the fresh and youthful laughter of the flute" at the words, "*Pur che porti la gonnella, voi sapete quel che fa,*" as the perfection of musical comedy. "Observe," he says, "the treatment of the orchestra here, with its exact balance between what is necessary and what is sufficient, fulfilling its true mission, that of participation, not self-assertion."

But this fine balance between voice and orchestra and reserve of force, is found all through this great opera, in the stately succession of its vivid scenes one of the noblest poetic dramas in existence. I cannot now dwell upon the remainder of the first act, which contains so many beautiful things, such as the masked trio, with its lovely accompaniment of wind instruments alone, one of Mozart's divinest inspirations. The last scene in the ballroom, with a crowded stage, and a fine dramatic situation, is treated with easy mastery and perfect lucidity. It culminates in the spiritual thunder and lightning of the "*Trema, Trema!*" perhaps the finest finale for intensity of

passion and magnificence of musical sound ever written.

The second act opens with the twilight of Don Juan's last day on earth growing pale over the plaza, where Donna Elvira's house stands. Of the trio, "*Ah, taci ingiusto core!*" Gounod says: "I do not think there exists any piece of music more perfect than this." It has the rich sensuous beauty of a nocturne, and with its bewitching accompaniment seems to breathe the passion of a southern night, though Don Juan's seductive pleading is but a ruse. For mingled pathos and humor this scene is exquisite. In the scene beginning with Elvira's arietta, "*Solo, solo, in bujo loco,*" we are plunged into the darkness of night, the orchestra groping with Leporello as he seeks some way of escape. In his master's disguise, he becomes the terrified hero of the ensuing sextett, and his pleading for mercy when, threatened with death, he reveals himself, is a delightful piece of comedy. But in the churchyard scene the comedy is thrilled with tragic horror, when Don Juan's cynical jesting is cut short by the marble voice of the Statue: "*Di rider finirai pria dell'aurora!*" accompanied by the wind band and double basses, now first reinforced by three trombones. In this well-imagined scene a new note of grotesque horror is struck in Leporello's trembling address to the Statue, and his gasping mimicry of its nod in answer to his invitation to supper. Don Juan reiterates the invitation, and the Man of Stone replies in a single long-drawn note of acceptance, accompanied by the horns.

The final scene is magnificent from first to last. It is a supreme instance of the tremendous power of emotional expression music can give to words, when handled by a composer of genius. In the brilliant opening the note of fate is conspicuous by its absence. All is careless revelry, and even Leporello

enjoys the music of the band, and his macaroni, until Elvira enters with a sudden outburst of appeal. Her pathetic earnestness; Don Juan's light badinage, ending with a mocking drinking-song, "*Vivan le femmine!*" when she begs him to reform; and Leporello's pity for the woman whose love finds no response in her husband's "heart of stone," give rise to a most animated piece of dramatic music, leading up to her terrified flight, followed by the guests and musicians; and the impenitent sinner is left to meet his fate.

From this point to the end there is a *crescendo* of horror, at first grotesque in the abject terror of Leporello, but changing in character when the Statue is ushered in by its undaunted host. As it enters, a cold and gruesome supernatural twilight seems to emanate from it, gradually surrounding Don Juan and isolating him from Leporello, his last link with the world of men. Mozart has invented for this terrible guest a grave and awe-inspiring language, aloof in chilling calm from the language of men. Its first speech is emphasized by short blasts from the trombones at intervals of a bar; it has come to keep its tryst. Don Juan, still defiant, orders Leporello to fetch new dishes. But in the next solemn utterance of the Statue, "*Non si pasce di cibo mortale,*" the horror of its presence is spiritualized with a more mysterious awe. It has come not as a ghost demanding vengeance, but as the messenger of Heaven; and at the words, "*Altre cure più grave di queste,*" &c., the orchestra breaks into what Gounod calls "those affrighting scales, ascending and descending." Then follows a duel, spirit against spirit, between the man and the divine messenger, who in turn invites his host to sup with him; and here there is a new and sinister progression of harmonies in full chords. Don Juan proudly accepts, and gives his hand in pledge.

Then, though he feels an icy cold clutching his heart, he desperately refuses the reiterated demand that he shall repent. His fierce pride, his gasping agony, and the majestic indignation of the Statue are marvellously expressed; and the stormy agitation of the orchestra with its alternate *fortes* and *pianos*, ending in sobbing *sforzandos* enforces the ghastly climax. There is something almost fatuous in the doomed man's last weird *allegro*, when the Statue sinks, and he is surrounded by demons. His pride has collapsed, like the devil whom Dante saw fall "like a sail when the mast is broken," at the rebuke of the angel; but there is one grimly pathetic touch, not noted by Gounod, in his repetition of a phrase which occurs in Elvira's air, overheard by him, as she comes upon the stage in the first act. In this phrase she speaks of the man whom she has loved to her shame, and who has broken faith with her: it is now used by Don Juan to express his torture and madness when seized by the horrors of hell.

Mozart's power of dealing with all kinds of situations on the stage, simple or complicated, is largely due to the fact that he was a great contrapuntist. To any musician all the action of his operas is as clear and intelligible as one of those delightful seventeenth-century pieces for "a chest of viols," which Mr. Dolmetsch has made familiar to those who care for such dainty things, so beautiful in their perfect craftsmanship that in hearing them you feel that in their best work these old masters of counterpoint have never been surpassed and rarely equalled. To any one who holds, as I do, that Mozart, not Wagner, should be the model for future dramatic composers, and that he is now about to enter upon a new phase of influence, it was a pleasant sign of the times that when *Don Giovanni* was last per-

formed in London, very inadequate as that performance was, it was received with enthusiasm by the audience; and even the critics have rediscovered the

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fact that the personages live upon the stage in music perennially fresh in its sincerity of emotion and beauty of form.<sup>1</sup>

*John Todhunter.*

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## THE AMERICAN ELECTION.

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### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

The people of the United States know a man when they see one. Accordingly they have elected Mr. Roosevelt by one of the most overwhelming majorities ever secured at a Presidential Election in America. The event is a subject for congratulation throughout the English-speaking world, for by it America has secured as the head of her Executive a man who represents the sanest and most honorable traditions of American public life. We have not a word to say against Judge Parker, who we believe is also a citizen of the highest integrity and soundest principle. But when the statesmanship and general calibre of the two men are taken into account, no outside observer who wished well to the American people could doubt on whom the popular choice ought to fall. To the outside observer what matters in a Presidential Election is not the triumph of either party, but of the man. For ourselves, we do not profess any special liking for the Republican party. Though we honor its traditions as the party of Lincoln, and of the men who overthrew slavery and preserved the Union, we dislike its Protective commercial policy as injurious to the best interests of the Union. On the other hand, though we have so much less sympathy with its past, there are

many things in the programme of the Democratic party with which we agree. Party programmes, however, are affairs of purely domestic concern,—“things of the house” with which an outsider, no matter what his relationship of blood and his friendly feelings, has no concern. All we are concerned about, all we have a right to be concerned about, is that America should choose a man worthy of her. And here, using no exaggerated poetic license, we may say: “A mighty mother has brought forth a mighty son.” In the present case, also, the outsider’s point of view was emphasized by the fact that even in America the election turned almost entirely on the personal question. Though both parties indulged in immense “platforms,” the only live issue was that between Parker and Roosevelt, or, rather, as to whether Mr. Roosevelt was or was not a fit and proper person to remain at the White House.

“What will he do with it?” is naturally a question that is occupying men’s minds at the present moment. Our answer is that those who expect Mr. Roosevelt to do something strange or sensational will be deeply disappointed. Mr. Roosevelt will do what he has always desired and striven to do. He will guide the American ship

<sup>1</sup> Since this paper was written Dr. Richter in his production of “Don Giovanni” and “Le Nozze” at Covent Garden, has shown his most

earnest desire to interpret the dramatic intention of the composer in every detail of the music.



wisely and well, and instil into every branch of the Government that high sense of public duty with which he is himself inspired. He will insist in domestic as in foreign affairs that the Government of the United States shall hold its head high. Under his guidance it will neither fear the mob nor the plutocrat at home, nor allow its greatness abroad to dwindle and grow dim from "craven fears of being great." We ventured to point out some months ago that those who regarded the President as "a wild man" would prove to be mistaken, and that in fact he was essentially a "Whig," using that word in its best sense. By a Whig we mean a man who makes reason and moderation his guides in public affairs, and who at the same time is inspired by a lively faith in the principles of liberty and justice,—who believes that in the last resource "a man is his own star," and that it is the business of the State rather to preserve liberty of action for the individual than to attempt to play the part of a fostering Providence. The true Whig hates the extremes of Socialism and tyranny equally, and desires a sane man in a sane State rather than any impossible ideal of material equality. The Whig insists that no career in the State shall be closed to individual exertion, but does not wish to see a jealous or interfering Government. He can tolerate the rich man as well as the poor, provided that the rich man makes no oppressive use of his wealth, and owes nothing to the favoritism of the law or the Executive. This is the kind of Whig—the Whig set forth in the writings of such men as Macaulay and Sydney Smith—which we believe the President to be. This standard of reason and justice, moderation and common-sense, we expect to see the President apply to the internal affairs of the United States as far as the Constitution will permit him. That he has now every right to apply it who

can deny? The people of the Union knew from the experience of three years what kind of man he was, and what were his views; and he may fairly take his return to power by so enormous a majority as a mandate from the people to carry into action the policy which he has placed before them since he went to the White House. In home affairs we expect to see his influence used to prevent the vast accumulations of capital which are so marked a feature of modern American life being used oppressively or unjustly. The President will prove no enemy to capital where it has been fairly earned and justly maintained. He will, however, oblige it to respect the law, and where it is used either to defy the law or to oppress the individual he will take means to regulate it. But his determination that the millionaires and the undertakings which they control shall not form an *imperium in imperio*—a privileged State within the State—will not prevent him from insisting also that Labor has its duties as well as its rights, and that no excuse can be allowed for any dereliction in respect of such duties. The State which gives Labor, considered apart from the rest of the community, a privileged position is as much to be condemned as the State where the rich man, because he is a rich man, is allowed to override the law.

In another matter we hope and believe that President Roosevelt will show himself both just and stern as well as moderate. That is the negro question. No true friend of America, no true friend of the negro, would wish to see him adopt a fanatical, or even a sentimental, line on this question. Here, if anywhere, the *via media*, the just mean, is required between those who on the one side claim and desire to enforce a complete social equality for the negro, and those who would treat him with a savagery and an insolence that differ

from slavery only in name. What is wanted first is to insist that the negro shall not be burnt at the stake or otherwise tortured to death by lawless crowds, whether for real or imaginary crimes does not matter. Till the law protects the negro accused of crime, or even condemned for crime, it is useless to talk of his social or political rights. A criminal's claim to justice is as undeniable as that of the most innocent citizen. Justice means to him that he shall be punished as the law directs, and not otherwise. That the difficulty of giving the negro such protection is, under the American Constitution, extreme, we fully admit, but that the President will in the end find some way to prevent lynching we cannot doubt. Next, the President will continue to carry out his policy of appointing negroes to State offices where such appointments are reasonable and practical. To deny the colored man all hope of employment by the State would be to brand him with a stigma that he does not deserve. But though such a policy must be insisted upon, it can be, and we believe will be, carried out without any violation of the more reasonable social prejudices of the whites,—prejudices which, whatever we may think of them in the abstract, exist, and will continue to exist. Unless we have greatly mistaken President Roosevelt's policy in this respect, we should say that it might be summed up thus: "The State will not attempt to force any white person against his will to treat the negro as a man and a brother; but it will insist that the negro shall not be burnt at the stake at the caprice of a white mob, and that the development and improvement of the black race shall not be hindered by unjustly closing to him all participation in the service of the State,—a service essentially educative."

In the domain of foreign affairs, and in that which concerns the American

possessions beyond sea, we believe that President Roosevelt will show himself neither a braggart nor a poltroon. He will not be afraid to insist that America shall hold her own among the Great Powers of the world, but he will seek no foreign entanglements. It is certain that he will maintain the Monroe doctrine in the letter and in the spirit, as the American people unquestionably desire that it shall be maintained. But the President is not one of those men who imagine that policies can be based on Fourth of July orations, or on the rhetorical resolutions of deliberative Assemblies. If the Monroe doctrine is not to be consigned to the political wastepaper basket, it must rest, in the last resource, upon naval and military power. If America has not a Fleet strong enough to say, "Thus far, and no further!" to those who challenge the doctrine, that doctrine in the future will not prove worth the paper on which the Presidential Message of 1823 was written.

That the President will finish the Panama Canal we do not doubt. Nor shall we be surprised if he is able eventually to obtain from Denmark those West Indian islands which she so nearly ceded to the United States, and would, indeed, have ceded but for the secret intervention of Germany to prevent the completion of the bargain. In the Far East, and in all that concerns the future of China, we may expect the President, acting under the advice of Mr. Hay, his Secretary of State—who is now unquestionably one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of living diplomatists—to maintain the attitude already adopted. As regards the Philippines, we may feel sure that the President will do his best to establish and maintain an administration the first object of which will be, not an adherence to any paper theories or abstract sentiments in regard to popular government, but rather the govern-

ment of the islands in the true interests of their inhabitants. He will strive to give them an administration which shall be just, pure, and progressive, which will seek, that is, the welfare of the Filipinos rather than their so-called consent,—a consent which, in truth, would not be that of the people as a whole, but only of certain noisily and self-constituted leaders.

We shall, perhaps, be accused of drawing too optimistic a picture of what President Roosevelt may do, and

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will do. Time will show. For ourselves, we have absolute confidence in his high character and sound common-sense,—two qualities which are combined in every ruler whose schemes and policies come to fruition. We believe that his Administration will leave indelible traces on the larger half of the English-speaking race, and that for the whole of that race it will be a lesson and an example in sound and sane government.

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### THE KING OF AMERICA.

Mr. Roosevelt's personality has been, as we anticipated, the vital question in the Presidential election. Everyone in the United States knew something about him while only an infinitesimal minority of voters knew anything of Judge Parker except that he was the Democratic candidate. The United States have enjoyed considerable prosperity during the last few years and in consequence the natural tendency of mankind to leave well alone has had full play. Mr. Roosevelt is not a man of genius but he is a man of abnormal activity in many lines and therefore naturally appeals to the average American to whom restless activity is the cardinal principle of existence. The President has never exhibited any originality in his methods or conceptions, as has Mr. Bryan, but he has thrown great vigor into his propagation of the gospel of "thorough." To say that in the United States he is therefore only preaching to the converted is no argument against the effectiveness of his method. In commonplace times commonplace men will win as a rule and Mr. Roosevelt is no exception. That he is an educated gentleman and not a mere machine man is so much to the good and should help

to make his last term of some effect in the history of American politics.

The essential question is, therefore, not what set of political theories have carried the day, for the differences between parties are of no importance, but to what use will President Roosevelt put the enormous majority he has secured? As he has already announced to the world that he will seek no third term, he should be absolutely uninfluenced by the many considerations that hedge the path of possible reform for Presidents who look for a renewal of popular support. If he falls then to employ his much-belauded strenuousness to some useful purpose he will not rise above the ruck of machine-made presidents from which at one time he was held to be far removed. Some of his own recent proceedings and those of underlings countenanced by him have not unnaturally aroused suspicion. His selection of representatives on the Alaska Commission did not help to establish his reputation in affairs of honor between nations. We tremble to think what might have been said if a Russian or a German monarch had appointed two notorious partisans as fulfilling the two conditions in a treaty requiring "two impartial jurists of re-

pute." His manipulation of the Panama revolution was acknowledged to be very sharp practice and the recent charges of collusion between Mr. Cortelyou and the Trusts have been repudiated it is true in violent language but not refuted. That purity in American politics has received no encouragement under the present régime is unfortunately only too evident from the comments upon the election emanating even from Republican journals, which are beginning to demand that a check should be placed by public authority upon the enormous accumulation and expenditure of election funds. We are surprised to learn that Sir Wemyss Reid finds "a purer as well as a calmer spirit" prevailing than in former elections, for as a fact ten times as much has been spent as was required to beat Mr. Bryan "whose candidature," we learn from the correspondent of the "Standard" (old style), "caused and excused whatever expenditure was necessary to defeat it." We need not stay to examine the strange theory of political morality involved in this remarkable dictum which can only mean that politicians have a right to decide when corruption is justifiable in their own interests. But the admitted facts appear to be that about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  millions of pounds sterling have been laid out in this election by both sides. What this must mean in the way of illicit expenditure is appalling to contemplate even when we deduct the vast sums employed in methods accepted as normal and correct by the executives of both parties. At the time of writing thirteen deaths are already recorded as due to the elections, and by deaths we mean murders. We wonder then the more where Sir Wemyss Reid finds the calm and purity he alludes to with so much unction. As this "bag" of thirteen includes three Democratic returning-officers or polling-clerks done to death by over-zealous opponents, we

shall be inclined to judge the sincerity of the President's zeal for reform by the severity or otherwise of his dealing with his own criminal supporters.

An honest and persistent endeavor to purify the methods of election might well be the first step in the last and most crucial stage of his career. We have his own passionate assurance that he comes to his post with his hands absolutely unfettered. By appealing to the general good sense of the American people we believe that he might also do something to remove two grave scandals in their public life, the appointment of judges by public election and the allotment of civil-service posts by the good pleasure of the party-boss. It is a striking instance of the self-complacency of the ordinary American that he is contented with a system of staffing the judiciary which this country has abandoned since the days of the Stuarts, and the vote of a democracy is an even worse method of bestowing judgeships than the will of a king. No less is security of tenure in the Civil Service a necessity if thoroughly good work is to be got from it. The President might also find scope for his activity in a determined effort to reform some of the financial methods of his countrymen. If in short he can during the next four years do something to divert them from viewing political and international relations from the purely commercial standpoint, he will deserve well both of his own country and the world at large. It would be unfair to assume that Mr. Roosevelt will fail to employ the power entrusted to him to remedy some at least of these evils with which all the rest of the world knows his country to be cursed.

In one respect at all events the election is of interest. It is a distinct ratification of the "imperialist" policy. This was the one matter in which, as Mr. Bryan points out, there was a real

difference between parties. Though there would have been no change in the methods of administering territories already won, the victory of Mr. Parker would certainly have been taken to indicate a change of view on the part of the voters in regard to the foreign policy of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt will be quite justified in assuming, as Mr. Parker has already done, that he has secured a vote of approval for his administration in general and this involves a distinct encouragement to go "full steam ahead" in the prosecution of a vigorous foreign policy. We have often expressed our

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conviction that this country has little to gain in the end from the translation into action of President Roosevelt's views on foreign affairs though it has been the fashion among us of late to applaud Republican victories and to encourage the idea among Americans that we look upon the Democratic party as less friendly to us than the Republican. This we believe to be a delusion only one degree more mischievous than the notion that an enterprising foreign policy on the part of the re-elected President will necessarily inure to our benefit.

### THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

The most popular American since Abraham Lincoln has been elected President. From start to finish the Democrats had not a chance. They had neither the man, the money, nor the enthusiasm for a successful campaign. Judge Parker, a solid American of the older build, unknown to the vast majority of his countrymen until his nomination at Chicago, showed no fight until the last fortnight, trusting his fortunes to a creaking, ill-lubricated, and disjointed party machine.

To no one save a Democratic office-seeker could it seem a matter of importance to eject Mr. Roosevelt from the White House and put Mr. Parker there instead. For so far as principles, or policy, or any single living issue of importance is concerned, the fight has been a sham. No substantial difference exists between the Republicanism of Mr. Roosevelt and the Democracy of Judge Parker. The Silver issue has long been dead, and Judge Parker gave the corpse a parting kick on the day of his nomination. The three issues paraded during the campaign were the Tariff, the Trusts, and Imperialism.

Both candidates stood for some measure of Tariff revision. Mr. Roosevelt thought that "rates of duty should be readjusted," but he claimed that this revision "cannot safely be committed to any other hands than those of the Republicans." Judge Parker neither declared for Free Trade nor even for "tariff for revenue only." No. "Reform of the tariff," he contends, "should be prudently and sagaciously undertaken on scientific principles."

So with the Trusts. Mr. Roosevelt thought he could stretch existing laws so as to curb the abuses of railroads and industrial monopolies and enforce competition upon corporations who seek to combine. What said Judge Parker? Nothing more than that he was prepared for "further legislation if, contrary to his opinion, the present laws are inadequate." What "further legislation" he did not say.

A hurried reading of the declamatory denunciation of Imperialism in general terms might lead us to suppose that here at any rate a genuine cleavage was to be found. But when we remember that Judge Parker was the



nominee of Mr. Cleveland, whose Venezuelan message in 1895 nearly led to war with England, we shall recognize that the Monroe Doctrine is almost as dangerous a weapon in the hands of a Conservative Democrat as in the hands of a Republican.

It is doubtless true, as Mr. Bryan urges, that Republicans are more committed to aggressive Imperialism than are Democrats. But when it comes to concrete policy Judge Parker dares not declare for the restoration of the independence of the Philippines or propose a reversal of the iniquitous policy at Panama. "If independence," writes Judge Parker, "such as the Cubans enjoy, cannot prudently be granted to the Filipinos now, a promise that a time will come when they shall be deemed capable of receiving it will tend to stimulate their development."

No wonder the vigorous personality of Mr. Roosevelt has swept the country and set up a Republican Administration that will be stronger than any since the time of the Civil War. Speculators on the development of America have sometimes predicted a practical autocracy arising out of the powers conferred by the Constitution on the President. Several recent tendencies are certainly making in this direction—the growth of the federal power in an increased army and navy, the growing importance of foreign policy, the habit of initiating legislation through senators and congressmen known to be spokesmen of the executive power.

The chief effect of this election is to set up a powerful benevolent "boss," a man of boundless energy, eager, like the Kaiser, to do everything himself and capable of overriding all obstacles of law and custom in order to compass his end. He brings to the art of government many abilities and many sorts of experience; he is scholar, sportsman, soldier, administrator, historian, moralist, almost everything except a states-

man. His political outlook is that of a Liberal Imperialist, a reformer in home policy, an expansionist in foreign policy. Now, the contradiction of these attitudes is even more absolute in America than here. The man who seeks to curb the power of Trusts, to put down corruption in the public services, and to secure equality of political and economic opportunities for all Americans is driven by his "Imperialist" proclivity to support these self-same Trusts through the high protective policy which he requires in order to maintain a large army and navy, and to pay the costs of war and colonial administration: militarism, protection, and plutocracy, thus established, form impenetrable barriers to social reforms.

Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself alive to the surface aspects of the gravest disorders of his country—the color question in the South, the menace of the Trusts and of revolutionary labor movements, the corruption of municipal and State politics; but he has shown no sign of developing a statecraft competent to the task of solving any of these problems. His method is that of opportunist autocracy, a dangerous method in a nation imbued with democratic traditions. His forcing of arbitration upon the employers in the anthracite coal strike by threats of marching Federal troops into the mines is characteristic of the man. In similar fashion he has sought to strain the anti-Trust laws in order to reach certain abuses of monopolies.

The gravest danger in America is the light regard for constitution, statute laws, and contracts. Mr. Roosevelt is a well-meaning man of determined character, who cannot bear to be defeated or delayed in the attainment of what he thinks a desirable end. Difficulties simply raise his fighting spirit; all scruples or considerations of legality are flung aside; he goes straight for his object. It is this spirit that Ameri-

cans admire in him; it is for this sort of conduct they have elected him President. Now, no one who has followed his conduct in the Panama affair can fail to recognize the peril involved in a President who is in his career the very incarnation of the maxim *Recte, si possis, si non, quo cumque modo rem*—the determination "to get there all the same." In domestic policy it may often lead to a rough and ready justice; but in foreign policy, involving, as it does, a disregard of treaties and the employment of armed force upon the slightest

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provocation or pretext, it represents a grave danger.

Some rulers are steadied by the sense of power: Mr. Roosevelt wields a great and growing power over the eighty million subjects whom he represents: it is urgently to be desired that he may sate his ambitions for his country by making his power felt in the cause of peaceful relationships rather than by embroiling her in the costly and dishonorable struggle too commonly implied by "world-politics."

#### SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF ISABELLA BISHOP.

Isabella Bishop has made her last great journey into the unknown. Of all her settings forth, as far as the watching eyes of her friends could see, this was the quietest. It was not setting out—it was going home.

For many years her form was familiar in the streets of Edinburgh. A little woman, with an extraordinary tranquillity of manner and a bearing which made the smallness of her stature unnoticeable, in her, one could hardly realize the traveller who had seen more of the East than any living person, or the writer whose books have been read all over the civilized world.

She was not born in Scotland; but after the death of her father, the Rev. Edward Bird, her mother was advised to make her home in Edinburgh, as its bracing climate was expected to do wonders for the health of her elder daughter Isabella. "If you knew how degenerate you are, you young people in Edinburgh," she would say, looking back on the time of her first introduction to its society, "you would be ashamed of yourselves. We thought nothing on any wet night of tramping

out to the Literary Institute in waterproof and goloshes to hear the weekly lectures there."

Even then Mrs. Bird and her daughters were well known as women of culture and broad sympathies. "I hope to come to you on the 19th," writes Dr. John Brown in one of his letters to her. "I know you will not frighten me greatly or bound on any of the strong-minded devouring women." They went much into society, but, both before and in the years succeeding the publication of her first book, what I think took up most of Isabella Bird's time was social work. A small pamphlet of hers entitled "Notes on Old Edinburgh," in which her later style of minute description appears in the exaggerated form of a beginner, had a great deal to do with the furtherance of the recently established Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor. In a letter from John Bright to her, he speaks almost despondingly of the question of the better housing of the poor. "If the people were more temperate and thought more of good dwellings, they would be able to get

them and would have them." This side of the question is sometimes lost sight of in the present day; and though John Bright could not encourage in Miss Bird any delusive hope that Parliament could then legislate to cheapen land any more than it could to lessen the price of the stone or timber of which houses are built, he was full of sympathy for her in her efforts.

Even earlier than this, she had done much work in persuading the struggling population of the Western Isles to emigrate. There is a letter from Miss Catherine Sinclair—familiar to most of us now only by the depressing little monument in St. Colme Street—in which she thanks Miss Bird for so much trouble taken for two *protégés* of hers. "I enclose what will perhaps be sufficient to embark the two emigrants, but if more be absolutely necessary I must not, to use a vulgar phrase, choke upon the tail."

I have met no one who actually knew Mrs. Bishop as a child, but am told that her Sumner cousins found her rather trying! Once, at the age of six, having listened all too intently to a conversation on the subject of canvassing, she electrified her unhappy parents by going up to their would-be representative, who was admiring her small sister Henrietta. "Sir Malpas de Grey Tatton Egerton," she said, "did you tell my father my sister was so pretty because you wanted his vote?"

Mr. and Mrs. Bird had only two children, Isabella, afterwards Mrs. Bishop, and Henrietta, so very lovely a child that really Isabella's inquiry of Sir Malpas was exceptionally gratuitous. Neither of these girls ever had any other teachers than their parents. The greatest thing that Mr. Bird ever did for his daughters was to teach them to observe. Every summer they went for a driving tour, and were taught geography and history without

effort as they went, and with such pleasant interludes as luncheons in hotels and exciting nights in vast four-post beds in old-fashioned inns. One thing only we can imagine darkened the sheltered life of Isabella Bird's childhood,—an almost constant and most distressing amount of illness. Her mother used to say that when she was scarcely more than a baby the words most frequently on her lips were, "Me tired, me very tired."

The first of all her many journeys was undertaken to try to break a habit of sleeplessness. She went with some cousins to Canada, and after that travelled by herself from one set of friends to another. Once, in a train going to New York, she was dreadfully tired, and yet she had a feeling that, if she went to sleep, the man sitting next her would pick her pocket. She struggled for some hours against her inclination, but having for a moment given way, she awakened to feel the hand of her neighbor gently withdrawing her purse from her pocket. Young and inexperienced in travel though she then was, she considered slowly what course she should pursue. In her purse, besides some money, which was comparatively speaking of small moment, there was her baggage-ticket. That was the only thing that really mattered. If she accused her neighbor of theft, nothing was simpler for him than to drop the purse out of the open window beside which he was sitting. No; she determined she would leave any interference until they arrived at their destination. She secured the services of a porter, and, with apparent calmness, followed her travelling companion down the platform. Having described her luggage to the porter, she at the critical moment bowed slightly to the pickpocket, and, with an airy smile, said, "This gentleman has my baggage-ticket," which he immediately presented to her. I won-

der whether the money in the purse paid his travelling expenses!

The letters to her sister Henrietta, in which she described this visit to America, were published in 1856, under the title of "An Englishwoman in America." She used merrily to describe their publication as due solely to the fact that she was staying with Bishop Sumner when she sent the manuscript to the publisher, and that her letter which accompanied it was dated from "The Palace." Between it and her next book, written from the Sandwich Islands, there was an interval of more than fourteen years. This, like its predecessor, was in the form of letters. Her sister, to whom they were again addressed, was staying then with a friend in Moray Place, who can recall the tender forethought with which the absentee would write on the outside of the envelope, "No bad news in this packet; may be read little by little." It was extraordinary the effect which the fresh air and exercise had on her delicate health. A missionary from the Sandwich Islands, with whom she had stayed, when she afterwards saw her in her Edinburgh lodgings, found it difficult to recognize in the exhausted invalid the adventurous, high-spirited, lively, and amusing traveller of Hawaii.

For the sister whom she left behind she always had a most tender affection. They were very unlike each other: while Miss Bird seemed to require the stimulus of literary society, travel, or fresh experience, Miss Hennie, as the younger one was called, was never more content than in the little cottage at Tobermory, where she spent many years amongst her humble friends. To reach the cottage you have to go up from the lower village to the very top of the upper village. It was hardly more than a four-roomed cottage, for which they paid a rent of £5 a-year; but from the upper window, round

which a seat was fitted, a most beautiful view of the bay was always to be had, and no flower-garden in Tobermory could ever match the gaiety of hers. From her quiet dwelling the younger sister kept the traveller in touch with all that went on at home. In the journeys which she took after her sister's death she felt the blank keenly. "I never knew so little about home things on any former journey, and realize more and more the infinite trouble that Hennie took to prevent me from falling behind in knowledge of things in general." After each separation they met with, if possible, greater affection, and severe indeed was the sorrow when at the end of a trying illness the last parting came. Through this time of trouble both the invalid and her sister were the recipients of most constant care from Mr. John Bishop, who in 1881, after the death of Miss Henrietta, married Miss Isabella Bird. As early as 1877 his name begins to appear in her letters, but her engagement came as a great surprise to most of her circle. Their married life only lasted five years, and was much broken into by ill-health, both on her part and on his. His death, at Cannes in 1886, was an irreparable loss, not only to his wife but to his friends, who ever held him most wise in counsel. Many years after his death I have heard men regret that they could no longer go to him for advice, which was always sincere and often illuminating. The year following his death she was much at Tobermory, and from this time onwards her letters are full of expressions of her sorrow and loneliness. "I succumb in spirit and strength," she writes, "to the sorrowful contrast between this New Year and last, and have truly sunk in deep waters. The entering on a year which cannot be shared with my husband, and which has no promise but of loveless loneliness, has been overwhelming.

Gradually she comes to project another journey, and begins a correspondence with Edwin Arnold, who lent her a unique copy of a blue-book on Thibet, which, he said, he had with difficulty secured from Lord Cross and Sir Monier Williams, who were much engrossed in it. "Dear Mrs. Bishop," he writes, "I hear with admiration of your heroic plan of travel. Heaven only knows what is impossible in such courage and experience as yours." Her plan included Persia, Korea, Manchuria, and Thibet, all of which countries she visited and wrote about before 1900. She came straight to our house from her long Persian journey, and although we had from time to time received letters from her telling us of her progress, nothing she had written, and nothing in the book which she afterwards published, ever came up to the gorgeous description which she gave to us as we sat round the fire. Persia will never be mentioned to me without recalling her picture of the great gravel lands, only glorified at sunrise and sunset, of the wonderful decorated architecture of the Persian interiors, of the attar-of-roses fountains, and, alas! of the terrible misery, suffering, and degradation of the people. Towards the end of the evening she told us the story of a man called Chigakhor, a chief in the Bakhtiari country. He had come to her asking for medical help—for her servants always announced her as a hakim or doctor. Before she left England she had taken a three-months' course in simple surgery, and among her baggage was a large store of medicine. Mrs. Bishop gave Chigakhor what he wanted, but still he lingered, and at last inquired of her, through her interpreter, why she gave away help to an unknown people? Mrs. Bishop told him the story of Jesus the divine Healer, in whose dear steps we seek to follow. When she stopped speaking

the chief looked up, and in a voice full of entreaty said, "Send us a hakim in the likeness of Christ."

From the time of this journey through Persia, with an intensity which grew with every fresh excursion into unchristian lands, she worked for medical missions. Far from the beautiful picture of Islamism drawn by certain people, Mrs. Bishop could only tell of the horrible wickedness of the lands in which this religion flourishes. "I think it the most blighting, withering, and degrading influence of all the false creeds." Buddhism was to her almost as terrible. In the woman's quarters which she visited in the East she was asked more than two hundred times for drugs with which to disfigure the favorite wife or take away the life of an infant son. She founded a hospital at Srinagar in memory of her husband, and it was a sweet surprise to her once, when reading in a newspaper, to come upon the statement of how the John Bishop Memorial Hospital had reduced and almost banished the plague from the neighborhood of Islamabad. Another hospital founded by her was one in memory of her sister Henrietta. It was at Beas in the Punjab. Her way of living became, if possible, simpler as the years went on. Nothing worried her more than the thought of money "thrown away," as she would say, upon herself. This was the case even in the illness and weakness of the last months.

Her life as an authoress was very successful, but how little success meant to her when there were none left to share it! "People congratulate me," she writes in a letter from Mull, "on my successful career, as if anything external could fill a heart which has known love and its loss. I would gladly give all I have had of success and all else to have my husband or Hennie back for one five minutes."

Winter life in Tobermory, while giv-



ing her freedom and peace, left much to be desired. The garden, her great delight in summer, was then brown and unresponsive. The mild days and the nights seemed almost interminable, for she had few companions—most of them “suffering from brain-rust!” (eight out of ten all over the world was her crushing estimate in a fit of depression). She had many speeches and addresses to make, but she found it difficult to prepare for them at Tobermory. Possibly she felt fear without any corresponding excitement when she looked forward to the great opportunities offered to her on all sides to plead the cause of foreign missions, for although she apparently spoke with great ease, she seldom if ever addressed an audience without previously suffering acutely from nervous apprehension.

The following is an example of the vividness of description and simplicity of appeal which she used as a speaker:—

“I will conclude with what is scarcely an anecdote, but something that made a great impression upon me in the Highlands of Nestoria among the mountains of Kurdistan. It is a few years ago now. The Kurds were descending on the Christians and persecuting them to death; they were suffering the loss of all things for the little that they knew of the Lord Jesus. They were living in holes in the earth, and the place in which I spent a night on the plain of Gawar was nothing but a subterranean excavation in a mountain. There were long corridors, a large open space, and in the centre a fire; and at some distance from the fire, enclosing a space about a quarter as large as this room, a wooden stall. The whole of the flocks and herds, and oxen, and horses, and buffaloes which the Kurds had left were driven into this subterranean dwelling; the best of the oxen were

tethered to this stall, and we, the human beings, were inside the stall around the fire. The holes that should have let in air were corked up to avoid the Kurds; and the cattle were driven into this one place to avoid the Kurds. As the evening went on several men came in; they were the headmen of the village on the plain, and the Malek, or representative of the Christians, the go-between between the Christians of the plain and the Turkish authorities. They corked up every aperture tightly; filled up every chink with straw, and sat down, and they said that they knew I was an English person, an English traveller on my way home, and they wished that I would bear a request for them, and that I would lay it before the Archbishop of Canterbury, the King of France, and the Queen of England. There was a priest among them; he was their chief spokesman. He said they were ignorant; they had no one to guide them; they knew nothing, and they wanted a teacher, and he added, ‘We are all passing away in the dark.’ ‘Passing away in the dark,’ they repeated it several times, till it entered my very soul. They had need of a teacher, they said, sore need, and so they had. They knew the Lord Jesus Christ by name and teaching, and they were for Him at that moment suffering the loss of all things. I said I would take the petition, but that I feared very much that it would not be responded to. ‘England is very rich,’ they said; ‘England is very rich,’ and we are passing away in the dark.’ I cannot tell you what an impression those words made upon me by the way in which they were said. These poor hunted creatures were longing for a teacher, and hearing of rich England,—and England is rich. But I told them again that I feared the petition would be in vain, and so it has been.

“But just as they said for the last

time 'England is very rich,' the fire flickered upwards with a great glare, and the light fell on the long horns and curly heads of the mild-eyed oxen outside the rail. You can well imagine that my thoughts went back to another scene, in another stable, in another age."

In forgetting herself she found much consolation both for herself and others; in losing her life she found it. The friends of Mrs. Bishop could never raise her to enthusiasm about her work as a pioneer amongst women travellers, as a writer of many great books, nor, though it gave her genuine pleasure at the time, did her great honor as the first lady-member of the Royal Geographical Society linger much in her mind. What she could be enticed to praise in herself were such things as her sketching, her photography, her housekeeping, her dressmaking, and last, but not least, the fact that she had baked a cake for the King of the Sandwich Islands.

When she was living in London, she gave to her house in Kensington such

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a feeling of home, of having had her things long about her, that it seemed impossible to imagine that never before had they shared the same room. Beautiful brass-bound Korean chests seemed to have stood for ever in the window-corner, and in what well-chosen spots did the writing-tables find themselves! These were the outward things, but the real charm was in the hostess herself, whose conversation was an unceasing delight. Over her weakness and weariness one saw the daily triumph of interest in life. "Please, young ladies," said her maid one morning to some girls who were staying with her, as they sat at breakfast, "Mrs. Bishop would like to know what you were laughing at;" and to the emissary, who carried what I have no doubt was a very sorry joke as answer, she said, "It sounded so delicious, and I felt so far away, that I had to ring the bell and find out." The people who ring bells in order to share in other people's merriment may not be many, but they enjoy more jokes than the rest of the world.

*Agnes Grainger Stewart.*

## LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### SIR JOCELYN SEEKS HIS ANSWER.

Dorothy Ullathorne had been pallid and spiritless enough before my Master's visit, but her condition during the ensuing days fair frightened us all. It required all my Mother's persuasions to induce her to swallow a mouthful, though that dear woman concocted abundance of possets and infusions to tempt her appetite; and our Patty averred that her friend scarce closed her

eyes at night. On one occasion only, during the week which followed the unlooked-for visit, was she roused from her apathy, and that was when, finding her wandering alone in the garden, I demed it a good opportunity to deliver my Master's message.

"I was bld to tell you," said I, "by—by him, that though he might not see or write to you, you should have news of him before long."

"Did he say so, indeed?" cried she, and the color rushed to her face.

"Yes, indeed," I returned, "news which he said you might perchance not care to hear."

"What did he mean by that?" cried she, catching her breath.

"I cannot tell, I am sure," said I.

"It is a threat, I know," she went on with increasing agitation. "Oh, Luke, why do they all torment me? Why must even he seek to punish me for what I cannot help? Is not my burden almost greater than I can bear?"

"Madam," said I, "I find it hard to believe that he would seek to hurt you in any way, but I suppose the poor Gentleman is heart-broken about your marriage to Sir Jocelyn."

"My marriage to Sir Jocelyn?" echoed she. "No, Luke; he does not fret himself about that, for he knows well enough what my mind is on the point."

As I stood staring, she desired me in a tone of extreme sharpness to leave off gaping at her; and then when I turned away, rather hurt in my feelings, she suddenly caught me by the arm. Her bosom was heaving with agitation, and her eyes shone like stars in that pitiful face of hers.

"Luke," she whispered, "you who know him, you who have felt just a little of that power of his—surely you understand?"

"Who?" cried I, bewildered, "Sir Jocelyn?"

But at that she flung away my arm and hastened from me into the house.

And then I bethought me—for my wits are clear enough if they move somewhat slowly—of how she had clung to my Master, and with what a choked and agonized voice she had cried out to him—"Only you—only, only you!" And it seemed to me very probable that she would not wed Sir Jocelyn after all.

I was careful, however, to keep my surmise to myself, even when it turned

out to be correct, and I would the rest of my family had been equally discreet. But when, in due time, Sir Jocelyn came for his answer, my Father must needs blurt out the tale of the strange gallant who had called so late and stayed such a short time, and ridden away so fast after he had discoursed Mrs. Ullathorne in the rain.

"And since then," continued the good man, "that bonny lass is but the shadow of herself. And if summat isn't done soon, your Honor, 'tis my belief she'll slip through your fingers."

"Ah," said my Mother, with that doleful pleasure which some folks seem to feel in making melancholy prognostics, "she might very well go off in a decline, Sir Jocelyn. I have seen lasses do the like as didn't look half so bad as she does already."

The brightness faded from Sir Jocelyn's face as he gazed from one to the other. I could not but feel sorry for him, for I must own I had never seen him look so joyous and gallant as when he burst in upon us that evening. He wore a riding suit of crimson cloth, much laced, with great sparkling buttons on either side; and his ruffles were the fullest and the finest I had ever seen, and though his face was somewhat paler than usual it was full of eagerness. I saw he had made sure of his answer, but now a kind of cloud fell upon him, at once of wrath and grief, and it was in a harsh tone that he announced that he must speak with Mrs. Dorothy at once.

"She is lying down upstairs," said little Patty fearfully. "Indeed she is not well this evening, your Honor."

"Tell her I must see her," returned he. "She knows well enough what day it is, and the excuse will not serve her. Tell her I will go up and speak with her yonder if she will not come down. Tell her I desire she will come out and take the air with me in the orchard—since she is so fond of walking there.

I will have my answer to-night—by Heaven I will!" cried Sir Jocelyn.

Patty went upstairs, and Sir Jocelyn stood by the table with a moody brow and without offering to speak a word till she returned.

"Dorothy will be down in a few minutes," she said.

Sir Jocelyn heaved a sigh of relief, and then half absently drew a little packet from his bosom and turned it over in his hand. It was a small velvet case, such as are used to contain jeweller's wares.

By and by the door slowly opened and Dorothy stood on the threshold, looking so ill and feeble, and withal in such evident terror, that I hoped Sir Jocelyn would have mercy upon her and forbear to press the question that night. But he strode towards her in silence and offered her his hand. Then, as she could scarce stand, much less walk, he passed his arm around her waist and so almost carried her out of doors. But this he did in a most unloverlike fashion, with no tenderness in look or gesture; and I seemed to catch the infection of the poor lady's fear as I watched them disappear together.

'Twas but a few minutes, I suppose, but it seemed to be an age, before he came rushing back, wild-eyed, and the whole of his great frame shaking with passion. My Mother, catching him by the sleeve, gave utterance to the secret fear which suddenly paralyzed us all.

"Your Honor," she gasped, "you have not killed her?"

"No," he exclaimed with a great oath, "but I will kill him. I swear I will! You all saw it," he cried in a voice which had suddenly become piteous, "she was willing to take me—she had all but promised. But at the mere sight of his face she throws me over. Oh, by — the world is not great enough to hold us two! Either he or I must out of it!—and I think 'twill be he."

We stood about him, trembling, all of

us, little Johnny sobbing and hiding behind my Mother—even my Father had such a scared face as I had never seen him wear.

Thrusting his hand into his bosom Sir Jocelyn once more drew out the velvet jewel-case and weighed it in his fingers; his brows knit and his whole face darkening. Then he opened it and held it out for us to see; it contained a most beautiful ring of sparkling stones, diamonds I think, set about a great red one which must have been a ruby.

"I thought to plight her my troth with this," said he, "but she would have none of it. Here, Johnny, my lad, is a pretty bauble for thee to play with."

Wheeling about he flung it towards the child, who drew back affrighted.

As we all cried out in protest, he turned upon us with one of his sudden gusts of anger.

"And pray," said he, "of what value is it to me now? Let him drop it down the well if he pleases."

Then, with a change of tone, and speaking as though to himself—"But some rings have a special value which folks guess not." And throwing back his head he laughed under his breath. "A sheaf of feathers out of a coronet!" says he.

My Mother sat down suddenly, turning quite pale and striking her breast; and Patty uttered a little scream, and my Father, glancing at me from behind Sir Jocelyn's back, touched his own forehead significantly. Indeed we all thought the poor Gentleman had taken leave of his senses, for, as my Mother subsequently said, though a sheaf of corn was common enough, sure no one had ever heard of a sheaf of feathers.

It was Patty who first spoke, however; said she:—

"And where is my poor Dorothy all this time?"

Then Sir Jocelyn appeared to come to himself with a start.

"I left her in the orchard. You had best see to her—you and your Mother. She was well-nigh swooning, I think—Oh," he cried, brokenly, "and I would have so cherished her! I would have kept the very winds from blowing upon her."

I saw that his heart was wrung at the recollection of her pitiful plight; yet her pain itself seemed to lash him to fresh frenzy, for even while I was casting about in my mind for words wherewith to console him, he burst forth again passionately:—

"Nay, but he shall pay for it. Aye, to the last farthing he shall. I will track him out; I will track him out."

And with that he was gone.

My Mother and Patty had already hastened to Dorothy's assistance, and Johnny had made his escape. My Father and I left alone stared at each other blankly; then says my Father:—

"My word! this is a nice coil—'tis that. This comes o' yon plaguy meddlesome fellow in black poking his nose where 'twasn't wanted. Thou might ha' made shift to keep him off, I think, since thou know'd summat about him."

"Me, Father!" cried I, much agrieved.

"Aye—thou wast the only one as know'd aught about him. Didn't thou say he were the wench's Kinsman? A pretty tale, indeed! Kinsman, forsooth!"

"I'm sure I don't know why I said so," murmured I, and I stood for a moment cudgelling my brains in the endeavor to discover why the notion had taken such firm hold of me. Mrs. Dorothy and my Master were sure as unlike in their complexions as could be, yet for all that I could not but fancy there was a resemblance between them; something in the manner, sundry tricks of speech, certain tones even in their voices recalled in each the other.

"Well," says my Father, drawing a long breath, "'tis to be hoped, Luke, as this will learn thee not to be making too free wi' folks as thou knows naught about. A deal of this here kettle of fish as is marred in the boiling may be laid at thy door, I reckon."

His meaning was clear enough if the words were a little obscure, and seeing that he was determined to hold me accountable in some measure for a state of affairs which so much displeased him, I deemed it useless to protest further, and stood by in silence while he hobbled across the room, and after hunting about for some time picked up the jewel-case which Johnny had not ventured to touch, and which he now placed on the mantelsheff, groaning to himself and clacking his tongue.

Presently Patty came down, her little face all blurred with weeping.

"I think she'll die o' this," said she.

My Father uttered an angry exclamation.

"I've no patience wi' the wench," cried he, "wi' her secrets and shilly-shally work and what not. She should ha' know'd her own mind, I say; she shouldn't ha' led Sir Jocelyn such a dance if her thoughts were so took up wi' t'other young spark—"

"Oh, but," interrupted Patty, "she will have none of him either. She says she will wed no man. She told his Honor so, thinking to comfort him, and even showed him the ring which had been her gift to the other Gentleman, and which she had back from him t'other night, thinking the sight would pacify him; but she said it seemed only to inflame his rage, and he fair threw himself upon it, gazing at it with so strange a look that she thought he was going mad."

Thus little Patty, speaking very solemnly and making her blue eyes very round. Neither of us could then read the riddle, though light enough was thrown on it later.



"Of course," resumed she, "I would not distress poor Dorothy by telling her all the things Sir Jocelyn said, nor of his fierce threats. I hope his wrath will die away in time, and as for tracking out poor Dorothy's sweetheart I doubt he will never be able to do that since no one but herself knows where he came from, nor even his name."

"There, enough prating!" cried my Father sharply, "that little tongue o' thine would talk the birds off the trees. 'Tis a sad state o' things, and the less said the better. Even if no more mischief comes on't, enough has been done to my thinking. There's his Honor out of his right mind—her Ladyship gone to Yorkshire—Master Bilsborough—not as I ever set so much store by him, but still, when all's said and done he's one o' the Family—well, there, he's disgraced and turned out of doors. And as for yon poor wench upstairs, she's not the galner by it all—I'll say that—but I could wish she had never come among us."

Yet, for all that, when Dorothy came creeping down on the following morning, looking so heavy-eyed and feeling, I doubt not, so heavy-hearted. I could see him soften towards her, though he glanced at her loweringly and scarce returned her greeting. Upon which, pushing aside the mug of new milk which my Mother had just set before her, she leaned forward and clasped his great brown hand in both of hers.

"Do not be angry with me, Gaffer," said she. (She had after the first playfully adopted the title by which my Father was commonly known among us; but the word fell from her lips now in so pathetic a tone that the tears leaped to my eyes.) "Do not be angry with me, Gaffer, I will not trouble you long. I have made up my mind this night to go away from you all. I have done harm enough, God knows—you will be glad to get rid of me!"

Thereupon we set up a great ontery,

my Father's voice being loudest of all; and little Patty jumped from her seat, and ran round the table and caught her round the neck sobbing.

"Oh, no, indeed," said Dorothy, in answer to our entreaties, "indeed, I cannot stay. You have all been so kind to me—my good friends. But I bring sorrow and trouble wherever I go and—oh! I could never go back to dwell in that accursed place."

Silence fell upon us for a moment, during which we could not but bethink us of all the calamities which had indeed befallen her since she had come to Lychgate, how she had been persecuted, calumniated, shamed, stoned and well-nigh burned as a Witch—even our poor Sir Jocelyn's unwelcome love had added to her burden.

The remembrance came to me, too, of the terrors to which she had been subjected in her loneliness, and it seemed to me that the hapless creature had been surrounded by enemies from the other world as well as those of flesh and blood creation. Small wonder that she dreaded the place.

"And what do you count on doing, my wench?" said my Father at last.

"Well," returned she, "all last night I have been thinking, and I fancy I will go to America. I could make shift, I daresay, to get on with my life somehow in a strange world where nobody knew me."

Then we all cried out again, for, said we, America must be a wild place indeed and life must be hard there, else why had Master Bilsborough deemed the fate so cruel which drove him thither?

"Because he must work for his living, I suppose," answered Dorothy with a little smile, "and I believe he was never fond of over-exerting himself. But I would like very well to work hard, so that I should have little time for thought."

"Tush, nonsense," cried my Father

angrily, "what should a wench like you do you in the middle o' savages and sich like? 'Tis all very fine this talk o' workin' for your livin', but how do you reckon to do it? There's Brother Waring tells me you have drawn out all that good brass he had laid by for you, and though ye'll maybe get a good price for your wheat," he went on with more animation—"ah, very like ye will, for they tell me a trader from Liverpool is going about the country buyin' up a deal o' corn for export, and yours is as bonny a fieldfull as ever I see—but still, when all's said and done——"

"I have planned it all," she interrupted, "I want you to sell my stock and crops and everything I have, as soon as you can; and I shall also sell my half lottery ticket—oh yes, I want to make the break complete. And then Malachi and I will go away together and never be heard of again."

"That's a nice hearing for your friends, I'm sure," said my Mother with some dudgeon.

And my Father pooh-pooed the whole notion, which he declared to be the most rank folly, and Patty stood casting sorrowful eyes at Dorothy, but saying nothing, and I sought for words wherewith to dissuade her. But just as I opened my mouth to speak them, she jumped up from the table, and clapped her hands to her ears, and ran out of the room, crying that she must have her way or she should go mad.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### MRS. DOROTHY COMMITS A TRUST TO ME.

The strange happenings which I must next relate, followed so closely on each other that I can, with difficulty, disentangle them. Everything seemed to come at once—Sir Jocelyn's abrupt departure, Malachi's accident, and Dorothy's consequent removal to Lychgate, for the love she bore the old

man was so great as to conquer her horror of the place; and from the moment she heard of his fall from the granary, and of the sad plight in which he lay, with so many broken bones and contusions, she would not rest a moment until she had taken her place by his bedside.

Her fears seemed to leave her for the nonce, and, indeed, she was perhaps safer then than she had ever hitherto been in her ruinous abode, for the country people had not forgotten Sir Jocelyn's lesson, and knew better than to molest her.

It was on the evening of the same day on which she had concluded her bargain with the Liverpool merchant, who had bought her entire stock of corn at so high a price, that she sent for me.

Autumn was then full upon us, and the air was damp and chill, and rank with the smell of rotting leaves and sodden grass; but she awaited me in the garden, having stolen forth for a breath of air while Malachi slept.

There was a very pale and sickly moon that night, I remember, and the clouds were scudding across it, and when the wind drove them clear of it I saw Dorothy's face, pale, too, as it had been of late, and I saw her eyes large and dark and deep.

"Luke," said she, without any preamble, "Luke, you have often told me that you loved me—was the saying true?"

"Madam," I returned, with all my pulses wildly beating, though I did not for a moment misunderstand her, "I have indeed loved you always—I love you now; I would give my life in your service."

"I do not ask so much as that," said she, "but I want you to undertake what may prove to be a hazardous enterprise. You have heard, perhaps, that I am to get a large price for my wheat; next week the wagons come to

fetch the stuff away, and I am to receive payment."

"'Tis a large sum, and you should at once bank it," cried I, "or deliver it to my Uncle for safe keeping. My Father was saying as much to-day."

"No, Luke," said she, "I will hand it over to you. I want you to carry it away at once—a long way—down to the South. I will notify a messenger to meet you at an inn called the Blue Lion, which lies between Tiverton and Exeter, and there you shall deliver up your trust."

"But, in Heaven's name," cried I, "why should you strip yourself like this, when you have need of all the money you can lay your hands on for your own enterprise? Do pray consider——"

"Oh, I have considered everything," she returned, tapping her foot impatiently on the soddened path, and speaking with something of her old spirit. "Surely I must know my own business best. Did I not tell you before that my one object in life was to free myself from the burden of debt which is crushing me to the earth—to free myself and more than myself: to free a beloved memory."

"You did tell me something of the sort," answered I, still hesitating, "but——"

"Oh, if you are afraid to undertake the business, say no more," cried she. "I will find some other messenger. I myself could very well accomplish the journey if it were not for Malachi. My poor faithful Malachi," she added, "I do indeed miss him sorely—he has never questioned my will. But I might have known that you would fail me, Luke—you have never yet stood by me in my need."

Now, though my heart burned at her injustice, I could not but remember—what she seemed like never to forget—that she had indeed called upon me once in vain; but this made her pres-

ent accusation the more unendurable, and so great was the tumult within me, that, when I opened my mouth to reply, I found no words but only a great sob.

And then she melted, laying her hand kindly on my arm and asking my pardon for her cruel speech, and said she knew I would be a faithful henchman, and carry out her errand as competently as Malachi himself.

"And that you may see," she added, "that I really counted upon you all along, will you send this letter to the post for me to-morrow? There are sure to be some travellers going to Liverpool who will carry it thither. 'Tis to warn the messenger I spoke of to be in readiness to meet you at the place I named. You had best tarry at the inn until he seeks you there. His name is John Dewey. He is a tall, country fellow, dark in complexion, and wearing as a rule a gray frock."

Here I could not forbear starting, being mindful of that tale in the News paper about the Bishop of Exeter, to whom, as Sir Jocelyn read to us, a certain old obligation had been repaid by an unknown countryman in a *gray frock*. The moon was clouded over, however, and Dorothy did not notice my agitation; and I presently made shift to ask her quietly if such gray coats were not in common wear among the country folk in that neighborhood.

"'Tis likely enough," returned she. "John Dewey nearly always goes thus clad, but if you like to make more sure of your man you may ask him for a sign. Before delivering the packet you shall say this to him: *Where have I fallen? What have I done?* and he will answer: *What is true is safe*. And then you may rest assured that there is no mistake."

"Well," said I, "I'll do it, but it seems to me nonsense. Why shouldn't I say something with a bit of meaning in it?"

"There's meaning enough in what I tell you to say," she replied, sharply. "Heard you ever of such a thing as a family motto? But no—how could you? Well, so that you do my bidding, it matters not."

"Agreed," said I. "I am ready and willing to go on your errand whenever it suits you."

"You must be wary," said she, "for the roads are dangerous and you will be worth robbing, my poor Luke."

"They shall take my life before they take your money," said I.

I thought I saw a shudder pass over her, but 'twas too dark to be sure; she held out her hand and I kissed it and went my way, promising to hold myself in readiness against the time when she should despatch me.

My blood was leaping at the thought of the enterprise, and indeed I feared the dangers of the road far less than the difficulties I should encounter at home. Would they ever consent to let me set forth on such an expedition? Even if my parents could be persuaded, would my Uncle Waring agree to allow me to dispose of so much time which was legally more his than mine?

As I plodded through the dripping fields I weighed the pros and the cons in my mind, and finally resolved to keep the plan to myself. The success of my enterprise depended to a large extent upon its secrecy. Better to endure the wrath of my relations than to risk failure.

It is easy to imagine what an added zest this romantic secrecy gave to my preparations for the journey. I fed up Chestnut till the good beast could eat no more; and rode him so gently to and from the town that he was nigh bursting out of his skin with corn and splints, and plunged and kicked like a mad thing when I mounted him of a morning. I hunted up an old pistol of my Grandfather's and practised at taking aim, on the sly. 'Twas so eaten

up with rust as made it like to prove more dangerous to myself than to an opponent, but I took no heed of that, but rubbed it as bright as I could, and myself fixed a fresh flint on the lock—one of a store which I had carefully collected. I also expended some of my small stock of money in ammunition.

This question of money was the one which troubled me most; I had next to none of my own, and durst not ask for any, while the thought of borrowing from Mrs. Dorothy—the only other alternative—was most repugnant to me. However, I need have had no fears on this account, for when the time came she pressed upon me a sum which was more than sufficient for my needs; making it clear to me, with a pretty, gracious eagerness, that since I was acting as her servant and doing her errand it was but right and just she should defray my expenses.

It was on the fifth day, I think, after Dorothy had unfolded her plan to me, that my Father informed me the wheat had been carried away and the payment made over to its late owner.

"And there she has it in the house," continued he. "If the news gets abroad I'll not answer for its safety. Do, for mercy's sake, my lad, ask thy Uncle Waring to call upon her and persuade her to bank it or suffer him to keep it for her. The house might be broke into any day and she robbed, and as like as not murdered."

"Yes, indeed," said I excitedly. "Would it not be well, Sir, for me to ride to Lychgate very early to-morrow morning before any one is about, and ask her to let me carry the money to my Uncle at once? Every hour that it lies there is a danger to her. If she refuses we can but see what Uncle Waring can do."

I could scarce keep my voice from trembling with eagerness, for this suggestion of mine, if carried out, would much facilitate a plan which had of

late formed itself in my mind. My Father's hearty consent was, in consequence, a great relief to me; and I went to bed so full of blissful agitation that I could scarce sleep. The waiting was over and the moment for action had come; never in my life, I think, had I felt so proud or so happy; the spice of danger in the adventure rendered it only the more delightful to me.

Long before dawn I was on my way to Lychgate. I mind when Chestnut and I found ourselves in the open fields I halted and clapped his sleek neck joyfully. "Hey for the road, my lad!" cried I. "We'll carry the thing through, thou and I, and show Mrs. Dorothy that we can be trusted." And then we jogged forward again, the reins hanging loose on Chestnut's neck, for 'twas still so dark I was forced to yield to his guidance.

Now Dorothy's Fleetfoot was, as has been said, own brother to Chestnut, and though he was inferior to my good horse in many respects, as all who knew could testify, the likeness between the two was so great as to mislead folks who judged from the mere outside.

My plan, therefore, was to leave Chestnut stabled at Lychgate and to ride Fleetwood to Upton in his stead, thus sparing my own beast the fourteen miles journey, and keeping him fresh for the night's work. It would be easier to make my own escape from the house on foot than to risk leading out a horse, which I scarce could hope to accomplish silently; this notion of mine was, therefore, a notable improvement on my first idea, which was to muffle Chestnut's feet in dishcloths that the sound of his hoofs might not be heard upon the pavement. My Father seldom visited the stables after my return in the evening, and I trusted to luck to prevent any one else detecting that I had swapped the two. I had of late attended myself so assiduously to my

own nag that Stumpy would not be likely to enter his stall.

Very well thought out indeed, Luke," said Mrs. Dorothy approvingly, when I unfolded my project to her in the dairy by the dim light of the solitary candle. "I had not given you credit for so much ingenuity."

"Then you will not suffer me to carry those notes to my Uncle Waring?" resumed I, with a grin, for I had repeated my Father's advice to her.

"Alas, no!" said she in the same strain, "all your persuasions are in vain, my good friend."

"And what must I do about the Gaffer's message to him?" I continued.

"Why, you must certainly deliver it," returned Mrs. Dorothy, still laughing, "but not until late in the day, lest the good man should call before to-morrow."

I was so fain to hear her laugh again that, though my conscience smote me somewhat at the imposition I was practising on my Uncle and the folks at home, I promised gaily to obey her counsel.

"When you are well on your way, Luke," said she, "I will hie me to The Delf and make a clean breast of it. I think your Father will forgive us both. He is so just a man that he cannot but commend my wish to discharge my debts, and he must see for himself how hard it would be for me in my present circumstances to find any other messenger than yourself."

I could not altogether share her confidence, but the thought of my departure was too engrossing to admit of much dwelling on the prospect of my return. I duly delivered my Father's commission to my Uncle just before setting forth for home, but forebore for my own part to urge him to carry it out, feeling much inward satisfaction when the worthy man lamented the impossibility of visiting the lady before the morrow.



"For," said he, "it is now so dark o' nights and the roads are so bogged that I would fear to ride thither after dark. But tell my Brother Forshaw I will call upon Mrs. Ullathorne to-morrow and use my best endeavors to persuade her to listen to reason. These ladies! Dear, to be sure! How foolish they be. The risks the charming creatures run—I only hope the money will be there safe and sound to-morrow."

"Tis to be hoped so, I'm sure," said I; and then feeling some shame at my own cunning I hastened out of the place and let Fleetfoot take me homewards at as brisk a pace as he chose.

It had been colder all day, and there was just a little frost that night—not enough to make the roads slippery, but serving to take the heaviness from the air and to put a wholesome tingle in one's blood. I stood by the open window longing for the moment to come when I might with safety set forth.

At last all was silent in the house except the regular trumpeting of my Father's snores, which denoted that he was enjoying his well-earned rest as usual. This, as I knew, was not readily broken: indeed, my Mother often averred that even if the house were afire, nothing short of a bucket of cold water would rouse the Gaffer from his slumbers.

I opened my door and stepped out on the landing; all was still in Patty's room, and as I thought of her lying so quiet in her little white bed, while I went forth to travel so far and to run so many risks, my heart suddenly melted within me, and I wondered if I should ever look upon her bonny little face again. And I wished I had kissed her when I bade her good-night, and had refrained from sparring with her as I had done all through supper, being anxious to engage her attention lest she might ask inconvenient questions. Holding my boots in my hand I crept

across and dropped a kiss upon her doorlatch.

"Good-bye, my wench," says I, under my breath, and then went down the stairs and let myself out very softly.

Once outside I ran at full speed, never slackening till I reached Lychgate.

My good Dorothy was waiting for me there at the gate; she had actually saddled and bridled Chestnut with her own hands so that not a moment's delay was needful.

"Here are the notes," said she, "one hundred and twenty pounds, sewn up in a leather bag made large and flat that you may carry it the more easily."

I thanked her and placed it in my bosom, under my very shirt; I liked to feel my precious trust next my flesh itself, that I might be the better assured of its safety. Dorothy then gave me the money for my own expenses and next inquired if I were provided with firearms. I proudly drew forth the pistol from my belt, and she uttered an exclamation of dismay as she examined it by the light of her lantern.

"Tis worse than useless, my poor Luke," said she, "and might very well blow your own hand off. No, take this"—and she whipped out her own little pistol. "Take this; 'tis in good order though so small, and I'll warrant the bullet will go straight. I bethought me you might need it and prepared some ammunition."

She thrust a little store of this into my hand, and though I regretted to make the exchange, for indeed I reckoned I had made a very good job of my old firelock, I bethought me, after all, 'twere as well to leave it with her as it might serve to protect her, if need be, better than the pretty toy which she had bestowed on me. For my own actual needs had I not a good stout oak cudgel by me which would, I doubted not, serve my turn better than any gimcrack popgun?

"Now may God speed you," said she; and whether because the words were so solemn, or because I thought it to be the right thing to do, I popped down on my knees beside her as I pressed her hand. And then I jumped up and flung me into the saddle and started off rapidly down the lane. And though in my excitement I had felt no fear in approaching the place. I was glad when I passed the old cross at the corner and had turned into the main road.

The moon was nigh at the full, and the keen air sang in my ears as we stepped along. Chestnut, though he had had no exercise that day, and had eaten his fill of Mrs. Dorothy's oats, knew better than to waste his time in cutting idle capers, but took me along at a swinging trot which covered the ground in a marvellous way. Indeed, if I had loved my good horse before, I loved and admired him doubly during this journey; he was so sagacious, so willing and withal so strong. We covered more than two hundred miles in a week, and I protest the fine creature was as eager a traveller on the seventh day as on the first.

The journey which had promised so many vicissitudes and adventures seemed like to progress tamely and safely enough. At Warrington, where I baited on the morning after my departure, I fell in with a worthy Merchant from Liverpool, who was travelling with his Son as far as Gloucester to claim a legacy left him by a relative there. This honest man was so fearful of the dangers of the road that though he carried with him his stout Son and a lusty serving-man, he besought me to bear them company as far as our ways lay together.

"For," says he, "though three travel-

*The London Times.*

lers may be safe enough, four will present a still better front, and I'll warrant me few footpads would care to come within reach of yon cudgel of yours. As for the gentry who ride a-horseback, I think your fine gelding could distance most of 'em. And Tim yonder has his blunderbuss wherewith to cover our retreat. Ride with us, I pray, Master-- 'twill be all the safer for you too."

This plan agreed very well with my own notions, for though I had myself been very well pleased to run some risk, it behooved me to be cautious on account of my trust.

We travelled very warily, and though our way took us past Birmingham, Wich, and Worcester, we baited at none of these places, but sought out quiet roadside inns some miles away from any town, where we fed and lodged without exciting comment. I had already informed the head of our party; that I was bound for Bristol to visit my Uncle, a shipowner there, and the tale served my purpose as well as another; I drank with no one outside our company, and was indeed subjected to but few inquiries, it being taken for granted I formed part of the worthy merchant's train.

We parted at Gloucester, and I pressed onward alone, travelling for the most part by by-paths and proceeding with greater caution even than before.

Fortune seemed to favor me and I journeyed without any untoward adventure until the evening of the tenth day when one befell me which was, God wot, rather more than I bargained for; and which I must narrate at length and with due precision, for it altered the course of lives far more important than my own.

*(To be continued.)*

**"NITSHEVO."**

There is one word that does more service than any other in the Russian language. At all times, be it in moments of elation or in hours of depression, it is falling from the lips of the Russians.

That word is "nitshevo," and means "nothing," or rather "it is nothing." Most often it is heard as a deprecatory rejoinder to an expression of thanks, like the English idiom "Don't mention it," or the German "Bitte." But there seems to be no situation in Slavic life that does not resolve itself into "nitshevo."

It is a word thoroughly characteristic of the Slav character, giving expression at one and the same time to all that is sunniest and all that is darkest in the uncertain gamut of Muscovite moods. Just as the Spanish word "mañana" (to-morrow) is characteristic of the procrastinating habits of the Spaniards, or as "all right" expresses the go-ahead temperament of the Anglo-Saxon, so "nitshevo" is the aptest expression of all the fatalistic submissive tendencies of the Slav.

A Russian diplomat once told me that when Bismarck served as Prussian ambassador in St. Petersburg, he wore an iron ring with the word "nitshevo" engraved on it. Somebody asked him once what the word signified to him. Count Bismarck replied "All Russia." Asked to explain himself, he told this story. One time when he was driving to a bear-hunt over a mountainous trail, the moujik who held the reins drove so wildly that he came near dashing the sleigh to pieces. "Look out there," said Count Bismarck, "or you will kill us." The moujik only shrugged his shoulders and said, "Nitshevo." His driving became more furious than ever. "If you don't take more care," shouted Bis-

marck, clinging fast for dear life, "I shall be tossed out of the sleigh." "Nitshevo," responded the driver. Presently one of the runners struck a rock, the sleigh upset, and the horses, shying, backed the overturned sleigh into a deep ditch, where it broke through the ice. Count Bismarck arose from the wreck, his face bleeding from bruises. In his wrath he turned on the moujik, threatening to thrash him. But as he advanced on the culprit with uplifted whipstock, the man met him with an apologetic smile, and wiping the blood from Bismarck's forehead, said soothingly: "Nitshevo, Barin." Count Bismarck burst out laughing. He considered the incident so characteristic of the Russian character, that he had the above-mentioned ring made from some of the wreckage of the sleigh, and henceforth adopted the word "nitshevo" for his talisman while in Russia.

To me "nitshevo" has come to express Mukden, the Russian army, the war with Japan, the future of China; it is the strongest of the many memorable impressions I shall carry away with me from Manchuria. It was the first Russian word I learned. When people said to me, "Do you speak Russian?" I promptly learned to answer "nitshevo," meaning "not a word." When the disgusting Chinese cripples and beggars that infest the streets of Mukden come too close, or the peddlers press forward too clamorously, you are driven to a stentorian "nitshevo." When a staff officer politely begs your pardon, in Parisian French, for standing in your way or for unintentionally brushing against you with his sword, you murmur a deprecating "nitshevo." When news comes of another disastrous defeat at the front, or of the death of some

bright-eyed young officer who but yesterday was clinking glasses with you, the Russian officers will dismiss the incident with a careless shrug and a "nitshevo."

"Yes, we have lost guns, and flags, and a most important position, but what does it amount to after all? Nitshevo." If any one should ask me for an explanation of the almost incredible phenomenon, why the most gigantic nation on earth appears at a disadvantage when matched against a country smaller than some of Russia's minor provinces, I should lay the responsibility on "nitshevo;" "nitshevo," the indolent, shiftless, devil-may-care, stupidly fatalistic and wonderfully stolid Shibboleth of the Slav, as ruinous in its effects on human fortunes and on public affairs in Russia as the happy-go-lucky spirit of the Celt has been disastrous to Ireland. One night I was at the Mukden railway station with a Russian artillery captain whose battery was to march to the front early next morning. Most of the night was spent with other comrades of arms in farewell drinks of vodka and un-iced champagne. "I don't see how you can stand the mixture," I said, "especially as you have to start off so early in the morning." "What of that?" he replied with a hiccup, "Nitshevo."

At early dawn, when his sergeant came to report that the battery was ready, the captain lay under the table. To all the deferential pleadings of the sergeant he only gave a muttered reply of "nitshevo." The sergeant, not knowing what to do, left it to the officer's comrades to arouse him; but after one or two futile attempts they said "nitshevo," and ordered the sergeant to tell the battery lieutenants to wait. The captain slept until nearly noon. I asked one of the officers what would come of the incident. "Oh, nothing," said he, "nitshevo. The

battery will get to the front in good time. What is the use of hurrying to get killed?" Four days later, when a battle was fought in the hills of the Liaotung Peninsula, I heard that the battery of our friend had been in the fight, and had suffered severe losses from the Japanese shrapnel fire. I also heard a high officer of Kuropatkin's staff explain that the defeats in the Liaotung Peninsula were due to the superiority of the Japanese guns, which secured better positions owing to the inferior mobility of the Russian artillery.

By far the most charming man I had the pleasure of meeting in Manchuria was a Russian captain of engineers detailed to service on the military railways. He was a gentleman to the core, hospitable and generous as a prince, considerate and kind to the commonest Cossack, and courtly even to the pestering Chinamen. To me, who was known to be in trouble because of complications with the Military Press Censor, he showed himself ever full of subtle courtesies and cheering words of comfort. "Nitshevo" with him took on a soothing consolatory meaning, which lulled you into the belief that your troubles would resolve themselves into nothing. My friend's only fault, for fault it must be called, was his fondness for cards, and for high play. Once, when I had lost more rubles than I could afford to lose, he consoled me by saying, "Oh, nitshevo. We often lose five hundred rubles on a card here." I thought he was exaggerating, but the next night, when I wandered into the officers' casino, my friend was so engrossed at the card table that he only turned aside for a momentary smile and welcoming nod. Another officer told me in an undertone that our friend had lost three thousand rubles, and was still losing. I stayed to watch the high play, and lingered till far into the

night. Among the players were other officers of the military railway and a correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya*. I had noticed him there so often that I asked him banteringly when he ever did his writing. "I tell you frankly I don't write. What is the use of earning my paltry journalistic salary when I can make ten times as much here on the turn of a single card." "But what do your editors say?" "Nitshevo. Give me another card." Suddenly, about two in the morning, a railway guard entered and saluted. His report to my friend, the heavy loser, caused him to announce something quickly to the other railway officers. One of them, a lieutenant, jumped up exclaiming, "Ulye, ye ye." Everybody at the card table burst out laughing. As he dashed out of the room I went with him, scenting a piece of possible war-news. "What is up?" I asked. "A military train has come in and there was none of us at the station to meet it!" "Nobody at all?" I asked in wonderment, as in the day time they mostly had guards with drawn sabres, one for every car of a train. "Oh, there were guards, of course," he replied, as we stumbled through the deep mud in the darkness, "but none of us officers." When we got to the station the train had gone. There was a general on the platform in a towering rage. He had telegraphed from Harbin that he was coming with his horses, and there had been nobody there to meet him. His horses had been carried on to Liao-yang. His command of Cossack "cuss" words would excite the envy of Gorky. My poor lieutenant was very deferential and apologetic. He rushed into the telegraph bureau and kept two instruments busy providing for the reception of the general's horses. Finally he was able to assure the general that all was well. He hoped his Excellency would suffer no more inconvenience about them.

"Nitshevo, nitshevo," said the old soldier kindly, patting him on the back. His wrath had evaporated. "Let us go and have something in the buffet, since it is still open. I hope your American friend will come too." Half an hour later we were all three the best of friends. The general ended by accepting the lieutenant's invitation to spend the rest of the night in his quarters. When I came around about eleven the next forenoon, both were still asleep. I found my other friend, the heavy loser, just getting up. He was as cheerful and cordial as always. "I hope you retrieved your fortunes," I said. "No, I had bad luck all night long." "How much did you lose altogether?" "Thirty-five hundred rubles." "Too bad," I ventured. "Oh, nitshevo. It is nothing, some other night I shall win." The captain's entire salary, as I knew, did not amount to much more than the losses of this single night. He had already confided to me that he had run through all his family fortune when he was sowing his wild oats in Paris and in Monte Carlo. Happy and serene as ever, he locked his arm into mine and dragged me off to one of these interminable luncheons where you drink five glasses of vodka, and, by way of getting up an appetite, eat enough preliminary things to feed two men. After luncheon my friend appeared a trifle troubled. "What is the matter?" I asked. "I am worried about poor Ivan Ivanovitch. Did you notice, he was quite drunk again? He was drunk early this morning, and now he is drunk again. That makes twice in one day. He will sleep it off, to be sure, but to-night he will do it again. It is too much. I have spoken to him, and so have his other superiors, and then tears come to the poor fellow's eyes, and he promises to reform, but he mostly gets drunk the same night from grief." "It is a wonder to me how he can perform



his duties," I ventured, "especially in war time." "He doesn't, that is just the trouble," said the captain with a smile. "I have to do it for him all the time, so as to shield him." "He is lucky," I remarked, "to have you for his superior officer." "Nitshevo."

One evening, when I happened to sit alone on a bench in the Mukden railway station, listening to the stirring strains of a military band playing in front of Viceroy Alexieff's headquarters train on a siding behind the station, an elderly gentleman of rather modest demeanor asked whether he might sit down beside me. "Do you know that march they are playing?" he asked in French. I told him I didn't, but that I admired the music very much. "It is one of our best marches," he said, "'Souvenir d'Extrême Orient,' I fancy; in time to come we may be reminded of Mukden when we hear it again." Dropping into perfect German presently, he revealed himself as a Kurlander. When we exchanged cards he turned out to be a prince, a court chamberlain, and an imperial messenger despatched from St. Petersburg to communicate with the Viceroy about some matter that was either too confidential or too complicated to be transacted in writing or by telegraph. He was the most democratic and the best-informed prince I have ever had the privilege to meet. He never hesitated to call a spade a spade. His vigorous arraignment of the initial folly of this war and of his countrymen's untold mistakes of judgment and of action that had followed in its suit, if literally taken down by me and presented as an authentic interview to General Pflug next morning, would then and there have cut short my career as a war correspondent with the Russian forces.

General Pflug has no fondness for awkward truths, neither has the Viceroy. At least, so we were made to

gather from the way Francis McCallagh, the *New York Herald* correspondent at Mukden, fell under the ban of the Press Censor's displeasure. Before entering the Russian lines McCallagh had permitted himself some remarks on the hard-drinking capacity of some Russian officers he had observed at Port Arthur just before the war. He remains unforgiven. But to return to the surprisingly frank conversation I had with the prince from Kurland. During the long talk I had with him that night, under the mellow light of the Manchurian moon, I noticed that he resorted to the expression "nitshevo" but twice. But when he said "nitshevo" it was with telling effect, like the one recorded oath of George Washington at the battle of Monmouth. The first time was when I asked him how he liked travelling incessantly for twenty-two days across Europe and Asia, as he had done, merely to dine with Alexieff and find that the interview was unsatisfactory after all, and then to travel back over the same weary stretch to make an unwelcome report to his Majesty the Czar. "Nitshevo," he said, with a smile; "I have been brought up not to quarrel with my duty." Later in the evening, when he had inveighed against the stupidity of the war and the disastrous results it had entailed, and had spoken with emotion of the Czar's grief when they broke the news to him of the first ignominious disasters of the fleet, he continued: "And what of these poor fellows out here?—these friends we have known at St. Petersburg, at Moscow, at the cadet school, at countless festive boards, and these two hundred thousand men meeting their fate here in this miserable Manchuria. We have given them up in St. Petersburg. To us they are as good as lost; we don't expect to see them again. They are nothing but the first sacrifice. Nitshevo. We mean to have Manchuria, and

we mean to sweep across the continent from sea to sea. What is this war to us? What are more wars to come? If the follies of our statesmen provoke a crisis we may get embroiled in worse wars with more powerful antagonists. Our army may make a spectacle of itself as it seems in a fair way of

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doing, the Russian Empire may go bankrupt, yet we shall have our way, just as your people will have their way in South America. What are five, ten years, or even a hundred, in the fulfilment of a nation's destiny. *Nitshe-ro.*"

*Edwin Emerson.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

From Henry T. Coates & Co. come two companion stories for boys, by Seward D. Lisle. In "Teddy and Towser," the adventures of a boy shipwrecked on the California coast while on his way to join his father in the gold-diggings are entertainingly described. "Up the Forked River" jumps a generation, and pictures "Teddy's" son yachting on a South American river, and taking a hand in a revolution there.

In the dainty "Temple" form are issued the first two volumes of Alice Spencer Hoffman's "Stories from Shakespeare's Plays for Children." These are *King Richard II* and *The Tempest*, the first with illustrations by Dora Curtis and the second decorated by Walter Crane. The stories are retold in a style which is simple without being condescending, and if any one doubts their fascination he has only to try reading them aloud to any imaginative child of from ten to fourteen to find himself entirely convinced. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In the readable little volume which she calls "Bits of Gossip," Rebecca Harding Davis gathers together reminiscences of the Gulf States and Virginia in the thirties, of the Scotch Irish settlers of the Middle States, of

Boston and its literary coterie during the sixties, and of the Abolitionists and the Civil War, with an added chapter or two of personal anecdote. Written from intimate knowledge, and often with warm enthusiasm, these sketches leave an impression far more lifelike and distinct than one expects from such recollections. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We are not greatly enamored of many of the colored illustrations with which publishers of late are decorating their books and magazines, but the twenty-five colored illustrations by C. E. Brock with which E. P. Dutton & Co.'s edition of Mary Russell Mitford's "Our Village" in the series of "English Idylls" is embellished are conspicuous exceptions to the general rule of ineffective tawdriness. They are delicately drawn and delicately colored, and they form an altogether delightful accompaniment to the text of these charming studies of English rural life of a century ago. Typographically also the book is very attractive.

Wit, kindness, sympathy, keen power of observation, thorough familiarity with his subject, and a charmingly progressive way of putting some conservative views have given Dean Briggs a strong personal hold on a

wider public than he perhaps imagines, quite outside his natural Harvard and Radcliffe constituency. His latest volume, "Routine and Ideals," is made up of addresses given before colleges and clubs, on topics chiefly educational. But it is one of the brightest, most quotable books of the season, and will be borrowed and lent like a popular novel. The Commencement address at Wellesley, with its playful, but shrewd, discussion of the "woman question," is particularly delightful. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Exquisitely told, with a rare appreciation of such detail as children love, and a freshness of treatment not inconsistent with reverence and delicacy, the sequence of gospel stories which Dean Hodges names "When the King Came" makes one of the most satisfactory paraphrases available. The simplicity of the style adapts the book to use in almost the first years of childhood, while its individuality, and the appeal which it makes to the moral sense will command the interest of young people on the verge of maturity. Apart from its religious value, the book is a distinct contribution to literature, and will be purchased by parents for that reason if for no other. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. give it a page delightful to the eye, and a cover with Christmas green and holly.

Under the title "Nature's Invitation," with the more illuminating and specific sub-title "Notes of a Bird-Gazer North and South," Bradford Torrey brings together in a single volume two articles which were originally contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a number of others which were written as letters to certain newspapers while the naturalist was afield. The invitation of Nature came to Mr. Torrey this time not only from familiar haunts in

New Hampshire, but from Florida and from Texas and Arizona. Of the loitering walks which he took, of the birds which he studied at close range, of the delightful out-of-door experiences which he enjoyed under widely varying conditions of climate and scenery, Mr. Torrey writes with the sympathy, joyousness and intimate knowledge which have appealed so strongly to Nature-lovers in his earlier books.

Mr. Orlando J. Smith's "Balance The Fundamental Verity" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a curiously constituted volume. The first half, approximately, is devoted to a statement of the author's philosophy, the next quarter to reviews and criticisms of his views by various theologians and writers upon science and philosophy, and the final quarter to the author's reply to his critics. We have therefore, in a sense, an illustration of the theory of "balance" in a presentation of both sides of the question discussed. Briefly, the conclusions which the author reaches are that scientific experience and the higher interpretations of the system of Nature point distinctly to one fundamental interpretation—the return of equivalence and compensation in all interactions; that the moral accountability of the individual, extended into a future life, is fundamental in religion; and that the scientific conception of physical action as ceaseless and compensatory is identical with the religious conception of human action as being also ceaseless and compensatory. The reasoning through which these conclusions are reached is presented in a style singularly crisp and clear, in short, pungent sentences which, while they are weighted with thought have also the brilliancy often of an epigram. It is rare indeed that the high themes of philosophy are presented in a form so compact and so cogent.

## WAYFARERS.

Across the moorlands and the open wind-  
swept spaces  
And country commons unenclosed,  
Past field and farm, hedgerow and  
fruitful orchard places,  
The quiet lanes run by,  
And the great roads,  
Wherefrom the wanderer's eye,  
Made free of beauty, roams in ec-  
stasy  
O'er sea and sky to clear delight com-  
posed.

Smile the near woodlands, all their  
starry heart revealing,  
And far-seen, through the chance  
hedge-gap,  
Hill-gleams of shimmering blue, mys-  
terious depths concealing;  
Or where calm valleys break  
The windy ridge,  
Lo! each a golden lake,  
Ripens the treasure that by toll men  
take  
From earth's ungiving, unwithhold-  
ing lap.

Stir of the woods, airs of the moorlands  
still untaken  
By man's indomitable toll,  
Breathe the breath of the wild in the  
ordered fields, and waken  
In hearts that understand  
Life to be lived;  
And on the ancient land  
Joy as of endless morning lays her  
hand,  
And youth undying springs from this  
dear soil.

Ways ever open, ever free for such  
communion,  
With what despair your pilgrim sees  
Where man has wrought and Nature  
joined in loveliest union,  
Upraised a stubborn wall;  
Knows parked and pent  
Beyond his utmost call  
Things best beloved; only where  
trees are tall  
May guess the flower-starred depths,  
the freshening breeze.

Comrades and lovers! O beloved on  
my life's wayfaring!

Your hearts are what the wood-  
lands show:  
Your love the airs that from the moun-  
tains breathe, repairing  
The labor and the stress,  
The road's fatigue;  
Draw near again to bless,  
Though jealous walls, the woodland  
past, oppress,  
And bar your access to the way I go.

I hear you, though the appointed bar-  
rier stands unbroken  
That bids us leave a world unsaid;  
Clear call, I hear you—watchword cried  
afar for token  
That parted ways shall spell  
Meeting at last,  
The heart its burden tell.  
O comrades, forward! On the open fell  
No wall debars; the road is free to  
tread.

*Leonard Husley.*

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

## A LITTLE CHILD.

Our darling loved the meadows and the  
trees;  
Great London jarred him; he was ill at  
ease  
And alien in the stir, the noise, the  
press;  
The city vexed his perfect gentleness.

So, loving him, we sent him from the  
town  
To where the autumn leaves were fall-  
ing brown,  
And the November primrose, pale and  
dim,  
In his own garden-plot delighted him.

There, like his flowers, he would thrive  
and grow,  
We in our fondness thought. But God  
said: No,  
Your way is loving, but not wholly  
wise;

My way is best—to give him Paradise.  
*Elizabeth Rachel Chapman.*